State Library Injunctly

The Kean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY | TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XL. | SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1903. | NO. 43

BOUNDARY IS NOW FIXED

Alaskan Award Signed by Majority of Commissioners.

VICTORY FOR THE UNITED STATES.

Canadians Angry—Withdrew on Learning What the Result Would Be.

The Alaskan Boundary Commission reached an agreement last Saturday whereby all the American contentions are sustained except those relating to the Portland canal which Canada wins.

The official report of the Alaskan boundary commission was signed at 2:10 o'clock Tuesday afternoon and then issued. It is signed by Lord Alverstone, the British commissioner, and by the three American commissioners, who constitute a majority of the tribunal.

Expressed in ordinary language, it awards the United States all the territory included within the modus vivendi of the last few years. It establishes the old boundary on what is known as the old hunters' line, giving the United States the heads of all the inlets.

The decision in regard to Portland Canal gives Canada Pearse and Wales islands. The United States gets Sitkian Island and the broad Southern portion of the channel.

This line places the Canadian outpost on the upper waters of the Chilkat river in British territory and the mining camps of Porcupine and Glacier creeks in American territory.

The decision as a whole is, of course, an overwhelming vindication of the claims of the United States.

The award is a technical pronouncement without argument. Three opinions were also delivered by J. W. Foster and Clifford Sifton, the agents, respectively, of the United States and Canada. One is by the Americans, discussing the Portland canal claims; another by Lord Alverstone on the general issue, and a third by the Canadians, protesting in the most emphatic language against all the American claims.

Now that the matter is ended, it leaks out that the Canadians have practically not taken part in the proceedings since Lord Alverstone declared himself in favor of the main claims of the United States a week ago. They have refused to discuss the minor points or to defend the Canadian contentions since the main point was decided against them. Their attitude has been childish.

Mr. Sifton, one of the Canadian agents, said, after the decision had been announced that, while he declined to give an opinion on the result, he wanted to say that the representatives of the United States acted with perfect courtesy and good faith throughout the proceedings. He added that the Canadians had nothing whatever to say against the American representatives.

Went Off the Bridge.

Maurice Hall met with quite a serious accident last Thursday afternoon which resulted in a badly dislocated left hand, a cut in his nose which necessitated four stitches and several slight cuts on his face.

Shortly after five o'clock on the afternoon mentioned Mr. Hall was driving to the Smethport Glass factory and in the wagon was a pig. When he was near the bridge crossing Blacksmith brook the horse became frightened from the squealing of the pig and became unmanageable. The horse started to run and failing to make the short turn onto the bridge pitched over the railing.

The wagon caught on the bridge, throwing Mr. Hall into the water and he horse was suspended with his head in the water.

Maurice raised the animal's head to keep it from drowning and called for help, and when the whiffletree broke, somewhat liberating the horse, Mr. Hall was knocked down during its struggle to free itself. Assistance came soon and the horse was removed from the brook.

Mr. Hall was injured as above described, the horse was slightly cut and scratched on the legs and the wagon was badly demolished. The pig escaped injury.

Tillman Acquitted.

James H. Tillman, who murdered Editor Gonzales of the State, in Columbia, on January 15 last in the most cold blooded manner, was acquitted on Thursday last, after the jury had deliberated nearly 24 hours.

The defendant in this case is a brother of United States Senator Tillman and it has been generally understood that it would be impossible to bring in a verdict of guilty against him in the courts of South Carolina, but it is a terrible stain upon the fair name of any State to think that such a cold blooded and wilful murder should go unpunished. Had Tillman been a negro he would have been burned at the stake for a much maller crime, and had he been a poor man without political influence he would ave been hung for the crime. Justice n the South is certainly elastic.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

Our county jail is again provided with occupants. The other day Messrs. O'Neal and Barnes, residents of Alton, were taken in charge by Sheriff Chadwick. O'Neal, better known as "Tallaggum," is charged with having sold liquor to Barnes, and the latter while under the influence of the "premature death" is alleged to have beaten and abused his wife.

Charles McElwee was seriously injured Friday evening, August 10, 1870. He got under his wagon for the purpose of picking up something he had dropped when the horses suddenly backed, stepping on Mr. McElwee's head and face, forcing one eye from the socket and cutting his face terribly. He was attended by Dr. Freeman and is now doing well.

Last Monday, (Aug. 29, 1870) as Delano Hamlin, in company with three others, among whom were two sons of Dr. Keating of Philadelphia, John and Percy, were out gaming Percy met with a painful accident, his gun going off and the contents passing through the center of his left hand. They had started for home and had got as far as Darwin Hamlin's, where they stopped for the purpose of playing a game of croquet at which place the accident occurred. The hammer of the gun must have been in some way raised while young Keating held the gun by his side with his hand resting on top of the barrel. At a consultation of the several physicians of this place it was decided to make no amputations, for the present at least, though it is possible that he may lose the middle finger of that hand. These young men were visiting the family of Hon. E. D. Hamlin and we fear this sad accident will materially impair the enjoyment of their visit.

On the same day of the above old Mr. Baker of Keating township met with quite a painful accident. He, in company with his son and one or two others were in town on that day and when about starting for home the party got on the wagon (there was but one board on the wagon running lengthwise on which they sat) and in turning around in front of the Bennett House, Mr. Baker and Levi Acre were thrown off the wagon, the wheel passing over them, breaking the shoulder blade of the former and bruising Acre's face considerably. Dr. H. L. McCoy was summoned and dressed Baker's wounds, after which he was taken to his home.

On the same day a man named Hardy, who is engaged in the mines at Alton, was quite seriously injured by a car. It appears that he stood bracing against a loaded car, when his feet slipped and he was thrown inside the track, the car passing over him, skinning him on the back from head to foot. His head fortunately happened to be between the ties and was not injured. The bottom of the car came just near enough the ground to peel Hardy. The injuries are not considered of a very dangerous character.

Smethport is the place for poor people to live. The people here are very kind and accommodating. Whatever belongs to one belongs to all. They do not live on the principle: "We ants never borrow, we ants never lend," but aunts and uncles help themselves to what few articles they can conveniently lay their hands on. They take chief delight in appropriating the loose articles usually found lying about a printing office. That is all right. Our umbrellas and books are at their command. We do not care to use an umbrella more than once. Hamlin keeps them for sale and it is but a step to the store where we can get a new one. When there happens to be a school exhibition or an entertainment of any sort in town we generally lend one or more lamps, but they seldom find their way back to the office. That is all right; they do not cost much. We are willing to part with the lamps and furnish the wicks for a few years, but we positively refuse to donate oil to the possessors thereof. Anything we have is free. There is a water pail and an old lye kettle about the premises. Call and get them. Please keep the umbrellas, lamps and books; we should regard it as an imposition were they returned. Our shirt would cover some other uncouth fellow's back did we not keep it well buttoned. If anyone can get it, however, it is all right; don't return it.

Last Sunday as Mr. Arthur Young of Farmers Valley went into the woods back of his house to look after a trap he had previously set, he found a fine bear in it. Bruin was sent to the "happy hunting ground," and the sheep in this section rejoiceth over the result.

Hoo Hoo

Said mantles? Why we did. Our Hoo Hoo (Black Cat) 10c mantle is the greatest thing made. We have others at other prices. Trading stamps given.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

Chadwick's Orchestra.

This organization is now ready to give bids for all kinds of parties, receptions, dinners, etc. For terms apply to John E. Chadwick, manager, Smethport, Pa.

NEW TRAINS ON P., S. & N. R. R.

Through Trains Between Olean, N. Y., and St. Marys, Pa.

SCHEDULE EFFECTIVE ON MONDAY

Little Change in Time in Smethport—Another Excursion Sunday.

On Monday next through trains between Olean and St. Marys over the Pittsburg, Shawmut and Northern Railroad will pass through Smethport. These trains will make connections with the P., S. & N. R. R. at St. Marys, Pa., and Olean, N. Y., and with the B. R. & P. Ry. at Mt. Jewett.

That piece of the P., S. & N. R. R. between Clermont and Kasson has been completed within the past few days. This is the line on which the great loop the loop has been constructed, which has attracted such attention throughout western New York and Pennsylvania for the past year or more.

This connecting link of road now makes a direct short route from Olean, Bolivar, Eldred and Smethport to the Shawmut company's bituminous coal fields of Elk, Jefferson, Clearfield and Armstrong counties, and will be a great accommodation to the traveling public.

Following is a schedule which will give a fair idea of the new service: The train will leave St. Marys at 7:25 a. m., arriving at Olean at 10:15 a. m. Leave Olean for Smethport and Mt. Jewett at 9:15 a. m., arriving at Smethport at 11:23 a. m. and Mt. Jewett at 12:10 p. m. Leave Mt. Jewett at 1:10 p. m., Smethport at 1:59 p. m., arriving at Olean at 3:30 p. m. Leave Olean at 5:42 p. m. and arrive at St. Marys at 8:56 p. m.

The Shawmut passenger department has issued a very neat little pocket time table, which gives detailed information. A copy of same can be obtained by calling on your ticket agent.

On Sunday next this popular road will run an excursion train starting from Olean at 9 a. m., over the Loop-de Loop to St. Marys. The fare from stations between Olean and Farmers Valley is $1.25. This train will leave Smethport at 10:41 a. m., and the fare for round trip is $1.00. Returning, train will leave St. Marys at 4 p. m.

This will be an excellent opportunity for people along the line of this road to see the beautiful scenery and the wonderful pieces of architecture between these points.

Killed by the Cars.

The Bradford Era of Monday says:

Peter J. Healey, a resident of No. 6 Grove street, while walking on the B., R. & P. tracks near the depot, shortly after 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon, was struck by a moving freight car and knocked to the rails, the wheels of the car passing over him midway between the hips and shoulders, crushing his life out instantly.

At the time of the fatality a crew was engaged in switching cars in the central yards. Healey started from the passenger depot in the direction of East Bradford and had scarcely gone a distance of 100 yards on the railroad when he observed the approach of an engine. Stepping from the main track to the switch he failed to see the freight car which had been "thrown" into the siding, and which struck him across the back knocking him across the outer rail. Before he could save himself the wheels had added another victim to the countless list of railroad fatalities. Both arms were severed between the elbow and shoulders, and the body was terribly mangled. Healey was dead before the railroad men in the yards reached his side. The body was removed to Still's undertaking rooms where it was prepared for burial.

The deceased was aged 42 years and had long been identified with the railroad service, his last employment being with the B., R. & P. as fireman. He is survived by his widow and five children, all residents of this city.

A Pleasant Party.

A very pleasant party was given at the Lyceum last evening by Mr. and Mrs. Charles McKean, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wells, Dr. and Mrs. John Clark and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph E. Burdick, which was attended by about sixty couples.

The early part of the evening was spent in playing games of many varieties. At about midnight a most excellent lunch was served and then the floor of the auditorium was cleared of tables, etc., for dancing which was enjoyed by the large assemblage until the wee sma' hours.

Music for the occasian was furnished by Chadwick's orchestra and all speak highly of the work of the organization. This was the first appearance of Chadwick's orchestra in Smethport and we trust we will hear much more from it in the future.

The best Baltimore oysters served in bulk at N. M. Harrington's restaurant.

Subscribe for the MINER.

AUTOMOBILISTS ARRESTED.

Will H. Gallup Formerly of Smethport Among Them.

A dispatch from Salamanca, dated October 19, says:

Martin F. Quinn, Frank S. Sherman and William H. Gallup, three automobilists from Straight, Pa., who reached Salamanca late Friday afternoon on their way to Buffalo, started out from here a little later at a high rate of speed. Before they had gone two miles their machine caused two accidents and the automobilists were arrested on a charge of violating the Bailey law and compelled to spend the night in town. Saturday morning they were convicted of a misdemeanor and fined $25 and costs have been taken in three or four suits for damages. The papers in one suit, it is said, were served before the party left town in the afternoon.

As the automobile, a big twenty-horse-power gasoline Winton, was spinning along Wildwood avenue, a short distance east of the Erie crossing, it frightened a horse attached to a double-seated surrey, occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Merritt Zelift of Ellicottville and Mrs. Alonzo Zelift of Great Valley. The driver was unable to control the animal, which jumped across the road, ran the carriage into a fence and finally brought up against a telegraph pole, throwing the two women out over the dashboard and injuring one of them quite severely. The automobile stopped long enough to see the injured women placed in another vehicle and then continued on its way.

About a mile further on the automobile spun around a curve and almost ran into a trap owned by Representative Vreeland, in which were Mrs. Vreeland, Mrs. W. O. Chapman, her sister, Mrs. W. H. Hazard, wife of the cashier of the Salamanca Trust company, and Mrs. Hazard's little son, Hal. Mrs. Chapman stood up in the trap and raised her hand as a signal for the automobile to stop, but before it was brought to a standstill the horse attached to the trap swung around and upset the vehicle, throwing the occupants over an embankment to the ground, which is covered with stumps and underbrush. The three women were all more or less bruised, and Mrs. Hazard, who has been ill for several weeks and who was to have started to-day for the Adirondacks in search of health, suffered severely from the nervous shock.

The automobile went back to Salamanca, where the three men in it were placed under arrest, complaints having meanwhile been made by witnesses to the Zelift accident and others who saw the machine going up Wildwood avenue.

In justice's court Saturday morning several witnesses, including two old horsemen, testified that the automobile was going at from twelve to twenty miles an hour in a section of the village where speed is restricted to eight miles and the conviction of the operators followed. It is understood that Mr. Vreeland and Mr. Hazard have already begun suits for damages and that Mrs. Chapman and Mrs. Alonzo Zelift will do so.

At the Lyceum.

"ALONG THE KENNEBEC."

Chas. R. Reno's New England comedy, "Along the Kennebec," was presented at the Lyceum last Thursday evening to a good sized and appreciative audience. The plot is light and simple but pleasant and was well handled by this company.

Alice Donaldson as Dollie, Edwin Maynard, as Abner Higgins, Alice's foster father, and Walter Hill as James Burton were exceptionally good. Maurice Haswell has a good voice and his solos made a decided hit.

"A RUN ON THE BANK."

This farce comedy was greeted at the Lyceum Tuesday evening by the largest crowd of the season and we must say that most of the audience was considerably disappointed. Milt Wood did some very good dancing and several new jokes were sprung, but on the whole the show was not up to the standard for the price charged.

Murderously Assaulted.

Hiram Dean, general superintendent of the Penn Tanning Company of Coudersport, was brutally assaulted near Bortville on Wednesday of last week by C. L. Kibbe, and at first it was thought that his injuries would prove fatal.

It seems that some trouble arose over a right-of-way which the two were discussing, when Kibbe seized a club and dealt Mr. Dean a murderous blow over the head, rendering him unconscious and inflicting serious injuries. The injured man was taken to Port Allegany and medical aid rendered, after which he was brought to his home in Coudersport.

Kibbe was arrested and placed under bail awaiting the result of Mr. Dean's injuries. At last reports Mr. Dean was improving rapidly and no serious results are expected to follow.

Do You Need

any good cross cut saws, axes, wood choppers' wedges, go-devils or lumberman's tools of any kind. Our stock is complete and our prices are the lowest.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

A RAILROAD TO BE SOLD.

Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua to be Auctioned Off Dec. 1.

MANY CLAIMS HAVE BEEN ENTERED

Buyer Must Pay $12,000 Cash and Balance in 30 Days.

Just what will become of the Bradford, Bordell and Kinzua railroad is a subject much discussed and not very satisfactorily disposed of at the present time. The court this week directed that the property be sold to satisfy the creditors.

At a meeting of creditors held at the office of D. H. Jack, Bradford, on the 28th of September, Geo. A. Berry representing the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, the Wolf Run Railroad Company and Stout & Holden, Fred D. Gallup represented the Big Level and Kinzua Railroad Company. A number of claims for labor, materials, etc., accruing more than six months prior to the appointment of a receiver, these claims being for fuel, supplies, equipment, traffic balances, amounts due to leased lines and items which were absolutely necessary for the daily operation of the road and system, were held good. These amount to $7,583.31 and are given preference over the mortgage creditor. There is a tax due the Commonwealth amounting to $1,410.81 which is prior to all other liens. Attorney's fees, costs of suit, receiver's fees, etc., swell the amount to about $12,000 preferred claims. After this is paid, then the bonds securing mortgage will come in for a share.

The property will be sold at the B., B. & K. office in Bradford December 1, 1903, at public auction. No bid of less than $12,000 cash will be received, balance in 30 days. If bond holders purchase they must pay $12,000.

Death of Mrs. Emery.

Pauline, wife of Delevan Emery, died at 11:45 o'clock Saturday night, at the family residence, No. 126 Congress street, Bradford, after 14 weeks of intense suffering with typhoid fever which finally culminated in cerebro-spinal meningitis.

Mrs. Pauline Chapman Emery was born near Petroleum Center in 1870 and removed to Bradford with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Chapman, in 1879, and has since been a resident of that city. On April 11, 1892, she was united in marriage to Delevan Emery, at the Church of the Ascension. Her many attractive personal qualities, her accomplishments and talents, caused her to be one of the most popular of the young ladies of Bradford.

The deceased is survived by her husband; parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Chapman of Congress street; three sisters, Mrs. Arthur Hurley of Octave, Ariz.; Mrs. William Broder and Miss Hazel Chapman of Bradford; an aunt, Mrs. Walter J. Russell of Bradford, and an uncle, W. A. Dickson of Barnesville, Ky.

Trotting [illegible] ea Again.

A [illegible] Kas., dated Oct. 1, [illegible] broke the world's trotting [illegible] afternoon, going the distance in [illegible] beating the previous record held by Lou Dillon and Major Delmar by a quarter of a second.

The day was ideal and the track could not have been better. Ketchem worked the horse out before the final test in 2:15 and then sent him for the record. He broke when he first scored for the word, but on the second attempt was sent off, going the first quarter in 30 seconds flat. There was a cheer when he reached the half in 59¾, and when the three-quarters were passed in 1:30, the cheer became an uproar. Just before he reached the wire Crescens broke, and it is believed lost fully three-quarters of a second. He caught handily and flashed under the wire in 1:59¾. No wind shield was used. Crescens was paced by Mike the Tramp.

Endorses Mr. Kane.

Honorable Byron D. Hamlin, one of the best known and most respected Democrats in McKean county, has written the following personal letter to Elisha K. Kane, Prohibition candidate for Auditor General:

SMETHPORT, PA., Oct. 13, 1903.

My Dear Mr. Kane:

I know it will not be distasteful to you to know that I intend to cast my vote for you at the coming State election, and that I am quietly asking my friends to do the same with theirs.

Without the expectation that you can have a majority of votes in the State, I do think you should have a good vote in this county and wherever you are known. It would be such a change from the machine work and purposes. I would rejoice in your election.

Sincerely yours,

BYRON D. HAMLIN.

Subscribe for the MINER.

The White Man's Burden.

A young French millionaire, named Jacques Lebaudy, wants to found a new State along the northwest coast of Africa, to be called the United States of Liberia, to be populated as nearly as possible by negroes from the United States. According to a publication in a London paper a few days ago, Lebaudy is in England now for the purpose of securing the consent of those European powers which claim to have something to say about the disposing of the territory in question. If these powers consent to his carrying out his organization plans he will so soon as possible formulate a program to be submitted to the colored people of the United States. The territory he desires to acquire is said to be rich in minerals of various kinds and capable of producing India rubber and coffee in almost unlimited quantities, besides certain grains and vegetables. In as far as he has disclosed his plans they contemplate the granting of a liberal tract of land to every male negro above a certain age, and encouraging them to make homes for themselves. The project contemplates the founding of a great negro State in Africa, to be peopled by civilized and, in a large measure, educated negroes from the United States who will erect a government for themselves and be wholly separated from any government of any other nationality. The territory which M. Lebaudy desires is of sufficient extent to create a number of States, with a central or national government.

Dr. Hamilton Has Bloodpoisoning.

While performing an operation last Thursday, Dr. Robert Hamilton inflicted a very small cut on the index finger of his right hand. He did not consider it serious until the next day, when the hand and arm were badly swollen and giving him considerable pain. This occasioned considerable alarm and he departed at once for Buffalo.

He went to Dr. Park who made an examination and pronounced the case quite serious but not dangerous with proper care. Dr. Hamilton returned home Saturday evening, much improved and is now able to attend to his practice.

In an interview with the doctor, he informed us that the cut which caused the trouble was less than half an inch long and was not deep enough to draw blood, but if he had not had the best of medical care it might have cost him his life in a very few days.

Food Killed the Italians.

In a conversation concerning typhoid fever one evening this week a Smethport young man told of a recent occurrence in a large Pittsburg hospital. It seems that a number of Italian patients were suffering from the disease and could not be made to understand the necessity of abstaining from solid food. Sunday is visitors' day at the hospital and the fever patients would complain to their countrymen that they were being starved to death. Six deaths occurred among the Italians in rapid succession, rather to the surprise of the attending physicians, until an investigation revealed the cause. Under the cot mattresses on which the patients had died was found quite a store of provisions. Partly eaten onions, chunks of bologna and black bread made up the collection that had been donated by visiting Italians to save their friends from starvation. Their well meant efforts resulted fatally.

Institute Entertainments.

Evening entertainments for McKean County Teachers' Institute at court house Oct. 26 to 29, 1903:

Monday, Lecture, Prof. W. I. Crane.

Tuesday, Concert, Company, Hearons Sisters.

Wednesday, Entertainment, Willard D. Howe.

Thursday, Concert, Old Homestead Male Quartette and Reciter.

Institute lecture course tickets for sale at the court house Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 26 and 27, at 7:30 p. m.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Oct. 19, 1903:

Charles Eichberg, Henry F. Enos, William Emory, Holbrook, Hunt Co., Karl Wiktor Lindkg, Miss Lillian Rudman.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

If You Have

a few hours to go hunting and have no gun don't trouble about borrowing your friend's. We can rent you one cheaper and better than you can borrow. Our stock of hunters' supplies is the goods.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

Fresh Baltimore oysters. They are the finest in the market and the prices are reasonable. N. M. Harrington of the Model restaurant will serve them in any style or furnish them in bulk.

Lemmler's is headquarters for robes and blankets as usual. The quality and prices will suit you.

A new lot of silverware and novelties at Holder's.

Five Cents On the Belt Line

By GRACE POPE

Copyright, 1902, by Grace Pope

THE hot wave had struck Montreal, and Miss Sherbrooke was too warm to think.

She went out on her high bedroom balcony and looked into the night. Her father had gone to New York, and she was going to Newport tomorrow.

Mrs. Presidder was taking her off her father's hands for the season.

But tonight Miss Sherbrooke was making the decision of her life alone.

Two men were coming to her tomorrow for a "yes" or "no" and to save her life she could not choose between them.

It had to be "no" for one. But which one? She hated that it should be for either. She was sure that she loved them both, though much surer that they both loved her. Apart from the question of love there was nothing to consider. Both were clever, both were rich and both were good looking. Both presumably were good; at least she had heard nothing to the contrary. She knew very few women, and men were so noncommittal.

She was uneasily conscious of something her father always said, "You see all the good there is in a man and are as blind as a bat to the evil."

Was she really blind? Surely it did not matter. Her father knew them both and liked them.

She looked out at the waving tree tops. It was blowing somewhere in the open. The wind that saved Montreal every night was saving it now. She should be out. That was it. But where and how?

The long, low cry of a Belt line car came swelling up through the night. She gave one startled look in the direction of the sound and hesitated, but in that hesitation her mind was made up. She looked at her watch in the electric light. It was ten minutes to 11.

The horses were out of the question at that hour, and the servants were all asleep. She had never been out alone in a car at night in her life, and she did not like to go now. But she was not afraid and could break the conventances on occasion with impunity. And she resolved to do it now.

Ten minutes later, in the most unobtrusive of dresses, she stepped off the pavement at Park avenue and walked out to meet a down car. There was one empty place on the second seat from the front at the inside, and she got into it with praiseworthy nimbleness. Then she settled herself back in the corner with a sigh of satisfaction and waited for the breeze. She knew at once almost by instinct that the man sitting next her was "nice," but at a moment she knew something else that sent her heart to her throat and kept it there, beating thickly.

Was this fate, or what? One of those other two men was sitting on the seat before her. When Miss Sherbrooke had collected her wits she knew that he had

WAS THIS FATE, OR WHAT?

not seen her, and after a furtive reconnoiter she began to observe him more boldly.

More than half the people round her were sitting back in unconcealed lethargy and careless of everything about them but the blessed relief of the wind. Miss Sherbrooke took her cue from them at once and looked out from the ambush of her lashes.

He was sitting bareheaded at the outside of the seat with his masterful side face toward her and his bright hair blowing back softly, and when she looked at his closed eyes she felt a strange thrill of exultation. Yet she knew that their owner was not sleeping, and she knew, too, that once he had seen her she could not deceive him for a moment. He would go home with her from the car, and she should have said "yes" when she got there.

And could any woman regret it? Surely few men could hold a candle to him. She only knew of one. When she thought of that, she looked out into the [illegible]

"Poor Swin!" she [illegible] believe that I love [illegible] is stronger than you."

Jerry looked very [illegible] quent and even a little [illegible] Sherbrooke heath to wish he [illegible] smile. She wanted to see the [illegible] change that a smile always brought to his face.

"Tickets, please!"

The conductor was swinging down along the footboard, and Miss Sherbrooke discovered, with a shock of dismay, that the twenty-five cent piece she held ready was plugged. She had nothing else but her lucky penny and a five dollar bill. She knew there was nothing else, though she felt again with quiet desperation.

The lucky penny was an ordinary five cent piece with a small gold J on one side. A boy had thrown it to her on a snowball one dark night long ago as she was crying at her nursery window. She had never forgotten his cheery shout:

"Keep it till you want something awfully bad."

She might give the $5. For an instant she thought she would and risk a loud toned parley. And then Jerry moved a little.

Miss Sherbrooke seized her penny and thrust it into the box in an agony of trepidation.

She saw her penny disappear without compunction and was only glad that the man did not see the gold letter. She was blankly unconscious that the keen eyes beside her had seen it with quick recognition.

"St. Catherine! Change cars eas' an' wes'!"

There were movement and bustle on the front seat, and an enormously fat old woman stood up and dislodged two sleeping children. Clutching the younger by the arm, she signaled the retreating conductor and in doing so lurched down upon Jerry.

And then Miss Sherbrooke saw a change come over Jerry's face with a vengeance and heard four electrifying swear words. Her face and her heart hardened fiercely. She had a fine taste in swear words, and this outrageous travesty was unpardonable.

"And to a woman!" she said to herself. "Jerry Danberry, that is enough."

But more was to come very soon. A wave of people swept forward and up on the footboard. A humpback dressmaker girl jammed fast against Jerry at the entrance and strove to pass with her parcel. There was room, and to spare, on the inside, but the poor little soul never reached it.

The deliberate resistance of Jerry's legs and the threat of his half closed eyes were too much for her, and she dropped back among the crowd and made room for stronger climbers.

The car ran down into the town and soon reached the low Craig street crossing. Some people crowded out of the front seat, and a man climbed slowly into their place.

Miss Sherbrooke's face barely hid a passion of welcome and relief. What a fool she had been to compare them! Fancy Swin speaking so to a woman! And she laughed in her heart as she watched him drop solidly in front of his rival.

His smooth, dark face was toward her, with the old deprecatory droop of the mouth and the brown eyes that hid half their challenge, and Miss Sherbrooke surrendered at discretion.

But there was no challenge hiding there now. It was plain that he did not see her or even notice Jerry there before him, and Jerry's face was coolly contemptuous.

How white Swin looked and how tired! He had been playing too long in the sun again. As she watched him he leaned slowly outward to the shallow support of the side rail and rested against it inertly. The conductor swung up his box and waited, but he did not move.

"Tickets, please!" the man said again shortly. The brown eyes stared at him with an odd, helpless look, and Miss Sherbrooke grew seriously frightened. He had surely had a sunstroke or something, and Jerry was not stirring to help him. Indeed, it was only too plain that Jerry was rejoicing at his condition.

The conductor grew importunate and spoke loudly, and at last Swin said something inaudible.

"Can't find one?" the man exclaimed, smiling. "All right. I'll come back again then."

The car stopped, and in the hot silence a woman's voice sounded clearly:

"I thought they were always quarrelsome or noisy."

And a man's laughing undertone answered:

"He is too far gone to be either."

Miss Sherbrooke gave one despairing look at the faces about her, and her own turned as white as her ribbon. The truth had come on her like a thunderbolt. Swin was drunk. She did not move, nor did she faint, as the man beside her half expected, but set her teeth and sat watching the pitiful sight before her. The conductor came back and shook him, and at last Swin turned his head slowly.

"Put in 5 cents," said the man.

A puzzled frown went over the smooth forehead, but the right hand went mechanically to its pocket.

"Five cents or a ticket." The hand reappeared with a miscellaneous handful and among it a bit of blue paper. Slowly and painfully, as though he were moving in a dream, Swin singled this out from the rest and held it out.

Miss Sherbrooke recognized it at a glance, and she knew that Jerry did the same. It was an amateur blue print of herself. The conductor put it back with a grin and selected 5 cents apologetically. And then Miss Sherbrooke saw Jerry's adorable smile.

The car swung round into Amherst street, and Swin's heavy body swayed outward. Two girls near the front screamed and giggled, and an old lady clutched in the air.

"Let him fall!" cried Miss Sherbrooke in her heart, but her rage died out slowly in horror. Must she see his white face on the rails in that rabbit warren darkness?

Swin's face!

A rush of pity almost choked her. He was only a boy. After all he was only a boy, and Jerry would smile again when he saw him fall. She shut her teeth tighter and waited.

He was totally helpless now, and only his own heavy weight seemed keeping him upright.

The conductor retreated to the rear after a few backward glances and seemed to think there was nothing to fear. The front seat gradually emptied save for those two, and still nothing happened. Was he possibly safe, after all?

A sudden jerk of the car brought her heart to her throat. Swin's heavy body failed to respond as usual, and, with one sickening plunge, he was over. In falling his hand struck the rail and caught it, and he hung out unconscious, with his feet on the footboard.

The next moment the young man by Miss Sherbrooke was over the back of the front seat and out on the footboard beside him. And he was not a moment too soon. As his arm touched the heavy body the clinched hand slackened and let go, and it was well then that the arm was strong.

The whole car was on its feet with a rush and confusion of cries. But Jerry

SWIN STARED WITH AN ODD, HELPLESS LOOK.

looked on with a sneer. As he moved to allow the young man and the conductor to assist Swin back into the car he said something with a laugh, and Miss Sherbrooke caught the word "swine." But Swin neither saw nor heard, and his rescuer guided him to the inner corner.

As Jerry turned his head after them he looked into Miss Sherbrooke's eyes. He turned white to the lips and made some incoherent attempt to speak, but her stare was pitiless. Jerry Danberry knew he was beaten and turned and stepped quietly from the car. And Miss Sherbrooke was left with the two men facing her alone.

To her inexpressible relief, the stranger began speaking at once in a cheerful, everyday tone.

"Now, Swin, old man," he said, "you have had a touch of sun. Lean back there now and keep still." And Swin leaned back obediently and shut his weary eyes.

Miss Sherbrooke felt two soft hands come suddenly over her eyes.

"You naughty girl!" said Mrs. Presidder in her ear. "I could not make you see me before. I wanted to introduce Jack to you my nephew, who comes with us tomorrow. I see he has picked up an old friend. He played with him once in Toronto. The poor fellow seems quite done up."

And so Mrs. Presidder rattled on with the ready tact that left no need for reply, and Miss Sherbrooke pulled herself together. She was grateful to Jack Presidder and his aunt, but neither deceived her for a moment. She went through the rest of the ride with a very brave face and laughed gayly when she bade her escort good night, but to this day the scent of new hay as it blew from the mountain that night brings an odd, sick pain to her heart.

And it took three long moonlit weeks at Newport, with all Jack Presidder's eloquence, backed up by his aunt's tact and cunning, to wipe out the cruel stain of that horrible ride on the Belt line. But Mrs. Jack Presidder now wears the lucky penny as a pin—a penny that was ably recovered from the Montreal street railway that night while Miss Sherbrooke lay desolate on her bed and wept for her broken idols.

A Siberian Mammoth.

The wonderful antediluvian mammoth discovered eighteen months ago in Siberia has at last, after twelve months of labor and great expenditure, been safely secured in the museum of the Imperial academy in St. Petersburg. It was discovered on the left bank of the river Beresovka, in a region that for ages has been the scene of great landslips at the melting of the snows in spring. The discovery was made by a Siberian hunter, who secured one of the tusks for sale. It was of almost incredible size. Scientists estimate that the beast, entombed by a landslip, had been laid up for quite 200 centuries in the ice, which has so preserved it that the hair and hide are still intact.

An Apt Headline.

An English weekly, speaking of headlines, tells of an excellent one which appeared over a story of the Pigott forgery. In that case one of the devices by which Sir Charles Russell brought the unfortunate forger to bay was by getting him to write the word "hesitancy." In the forged letter the word was misspelled "hesitency." The day the flight of Pigott was announced an editor suggested the headline, "The Man Who 'Hesiteres' Is Lost," and it was so excellent that it was immediately put in type.

Asking His Advice.

A little girl, aged nine, called her father to her bedside the other evening.

"Papa," said the little diplomat, "I want to ask your advice."

"Well, my dear, what is it about?"

"What do you think it would be best to give me on my birthday?"—London Telegraph.

Light itself is a great corrector. A thousand wrongs and abuses that are grown in darkness [illegible] and bats before the light of day.

MAKE EXERCISE A HABIT.

An Easy and Simple Way of Securing Health and Good Looks.

Exercise is much more necessary to human life than most women think.

Healthy stimulation is an absolute need; without it the body will rust and fall to bits. The baby that never creeps about or kicks or exercises at all either wastes into a tiny midget of bones and wrinkles or else takes on pounds of unhealthy fat and becomes soft and short breathed and without vitality.

The brain that never calls upon itself for work must become dull and stupid, and it is the same way with the muscles of the body. They are filled with blood vessels that should be up and doing. The blood has several purposes, and one is to carry away much of the waste fluids of the body. The lungs are a sort of refinery, and the blood is a distilling agent. If the blood becomes thick and unhealthy and sluggish the body does not keep its youthful state. Eyes grow dull, lips lose their redness, the complexion is sallow and unlovely.

It is an easy and simple matter to make exercise a habit—just like the habit of putting out the lights at night and wondering if burglars will show up before morning.

A most excellent scheme is to take long, slow full breaths whenever you have a chance—when you are waiting for a car, when you are walking, when you are going to sleep, when you have just awakened.

Such habits are valuable, most valuable, but because they don't cost anything and are a little trouble lots of women fancy there is nothing in such practices. Nonsense! Look at the athletic men that train. They are the healthiest, strongest, finest looking creatures in existence.

Go thou and do likewise on a little scale.—Chicago Record-Herald.

SCRAPS OF SCIENCE.

An electric pickpocket alarm has been invented by a man in Manchester, England.

The experiments of Muller prove that if microbes be placed in a gun barrel the wound made by a bullet fired from it would be infected by the microbes.

Commercial phosphorus is satisfactorily made by mixing the finely powdered phosphate material with carbon and sand in the electric furnace and then, when heated, distilling the phosphorus from the mass and collecting it under water.

Such common substances as sugar, glucose and chalk having been found to absorb sunlight all day and to give it off in rays during the night, the discovery of some means for rendering these rays useful in illuminating houses at night with little expense seems a possibility of the near future.

The thorium atom, universally believed since its discovery by Berzelius three-quarters of a century ago to be a single and indivisible particle of matter, now appears as the progenitor of five new substances, even more elemental than itself, evolved by successive and spontaneous changes within its substance.

The scientific reason for the popping of corn has been investigated by Professor Kraemer of Philadelphia, who finds that the endosperm is more or less translucent and horny and its cells contain closely arranged polygonal starch grains having a central rarefied area. The degree of the expansion of these cells depends upon the relative amount of water and air in the grain.

Love Is the Mainspring.

Political economists have told us that self interest is the mainspring of industry. It is not true. Love is the mainspring of industry. It is love for the home and the wife and the children that keeps all the busy wheels of industry revolving, that calls the factory hands early to the mill, that nerves the arm of the blacksmith working at his forge, that inspires the farmer at his plow and the merchant at his desk, that gives courage to the soldier and patience to the teacher.

Erskine was asked how he dared, as an unknown barrister, face a hostile court and insist on his right to be heard. "I felt my children," he replied, "tugging at my robe and saying, 'Here is your chance, father, to get us bread.'" It is this vision of the children dependent on us that inspires us all in the battle of life.—Rev. Lyman Abbott in Atlantic.

Origin of a Famous Saying.

Euclid, who is sometimes called the father of mathematics, taught this subject in the famous school at Alexandria. Being asked one day by the king of Egypt (Ptolemy Soter) whether he could not teach him the science in a shorter way, Euclid answered in words that have been memorable ever since, "Sire, there is no royal road to learning." Not many scraps of conversation have lived as this reply has, for 2,200 years.

Minerals and Life.

The base of nutrition in all living beings is oxygen, water, salts, carbon and nitrogen. Forster tried to feed dogs on organic substances deprived of nearly all their mineral matter. Death from starvation occurred sooner than if the dogs had been completely without food. M. Herrera says in Revue Scientifique, Paris: "Living beings are but aggregations of mineral substances and biology is but a chapter in mineralogy."

Promoters of Courage.

Spartacus—Women are a great incentive to manly courage.

Smartleus—That's right. Since I've been married and had a few tiffs with my wife the prospect of a scrap with the meanest man on earth seems like mere child's play to me.—Baltimore American.

Anchored.

A little chap four years of age met with the misfortune to have his hat blown into the river. When he reached home his father said to him:

"It's a wonder you didn't blow overboard too."

"I couldn't," was the quick response. "I was fastened to my feet."—Presbyterian.

LEFT HANDED WICKEDNESS.

Results of an Unusual Investigation by Professor Lombroso.

Professor Cesare Lombroso, the Italian scientist skilled in detecting traces of abnormality, explains in the North American Review the imperfections of the left handed.

People who are more agile with the left than with the right hand are most numerous among "women, children, savages and criminals." The percentage is about 4 per cent among men (operatives and soldiers), 5 to 8 per cent among women and about the same among lunatics.

But among criminals Professor Marro found 13 per cent of the men and 22 per cent of the women left handed. Swindlers offered a greater percentage, no less than 23, and murderers and ravishers only from 9 to 10 per cent.

Professor Lombroso also discusses the far more complex subject of "left sidedness." Certain people are more sensitive upon the left side than upon the right. This condition has no connection with left handedness and is highest in lunatics, 44 per cent.

Parrots are left handed, and so are lions. Rollet found in twenty-seven monkeys the left shoulder heavier than the right.

Women, children and primitive races make gestures and simple movements from right to left. This is why women button their garments in a different direction from men, and why early languages, like the Arabic, are written from right to left. Very old chronometers were wound from right to left, not from left to right, as at present.

However, Professor Lombroso hedges by saying: "One can without difficulty find among good men real left handedness, as among the greatest evildoers there are some who have not that characteristic. I do not dream at all of saying that all left handed people are wicked, but that left handedness, united to many other traits, may contribute to form one of the worst characters among the human species."

Not So Very Weak.

The train was on a windy pass in the Rockies. There were in the car a few miners, two cowboys, a woman, who looked ill, and a man clothed in very British tweeds. He was evidently used to roughing it and sat beside the open window indifferent to the cold air that swirled into the car.

Behind him sat the women, shivering. Across the aisle was a large boned westerner. He did not seem to mind the wind himself, but he gave a kind, solicitous glance toward the woman.

After an hour of shivering she leaped forward and asked the man in front of her to close the window. He paid no attention to her request, except that he looked straight ahead and said, addressing himself to the world at large, "Americans seem to be a weak lot."

Then the tall man across the aisle rose slowly. His head came just under the bell cord. He reached across the tweed suit, pushed the owner of it rather rudely into the corner of the seat, laid hold of the window catch with his big thumb and finger and sent the window down with a slam.

"I guess we ain't so very weak, pardner," he said.

Mrs. Grundy.

The first mention of Mrs. Grundy is found in Morton's clever comedy, "Speed the Plow." Farmer Ashfield, at table with his jug and pipe, is talking to his wife on her return from market.

"Well, dame, welcome whoam. What news does thee bring vrom market?"

"What news, husband? What I always told you that Farmer Grundy's wheat brought 5 shillings a quarter more than ours did."

"All the better for he!"

"Ah, the sun seems to shine on purpose for him."

"Come, come, missus, as thee has not the grace to thank God for prosperous times, dan't thee grumble when they be unkindly a bit."

"And I assure you Dame Grundy's butter was quite the crack of the market."

"Be quiet, wool ye? Always ding dinging Dame Grundy into my ears: 'What will Mrs. Grundy say?' 'What will Mrs. Grundy think?' Canst thee be quiet? Let us alone and behave thyself pratty."

Green Pineapple Juice.

The juice of the green pineapple is accredited in Java, the Philippines and throughout the far east generally with being a blood poison of a most deadly nature. Health mentions it as the substance with which the Malays poison their creeses and daggers and as the "finger nail" poison, formerly in use among aboriginal Javanese women almost universally. These women cultivated a nail on each hand to a long, sharp point, and the least scratch from one of these was certain death.

Indulging a Genius.

Our ancestors were more indulgent and respectful to the eccentricities of men of genius" than is the present generation. Byron was accepted and patiently tolerated when he chose to sit in moody silence throughout a dinner party given in his honor, scowling contemptuously at the delicious food before him, while he sipped vinegar and munched a cracker.

Showing Him Up.

Servant—There's a gentleman downstairs, ma'am.

Mistress—Show him up to the drawing room.

Servant—But he has come to clean the chimney.

Mistress—Then show him up the chimney.

Sudden Death.

"Would you marry a Chinaman?" he asked.

"Oh, sir," she said, who is speaking, replied, "this is so sudden! But I always supposed you merely looked like one."—Chicago Record-Herald.

There are no elevators running up and down the ladder of fame.

Hope your troubles don't let them run wild.—Atchison Globe.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

Gorton & Richmond,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

Gallup & Bouton,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

E. J. Keeney,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.
Office adjoining Residence, Main Street.
Smethport, Pa.
All legal business attended to promptly.

Byron D. Hamlin. Jobe Forrest.
Hamlin & Forrest
LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

E. R. Mayo & Son,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows' Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. G. B. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, - - - Penn'a.
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. R. Sherman,
PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. 30 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 302-B.

Physicians.

Burg Chadwick, M. D.
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office over J. W. Voorhees' Drug Store. Calls answered promptly day or night. Bell 'Phone.

H. L. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 2 to 4 a. m. and 7 to 8 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

G. E. Benninghoff,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 82 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

J. C. Brown,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.
Office and Residence in Reilly Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. E. M. Baker,
DENTIST.
Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

F. R. Young, B. S., M. D.
Office over D. C. Young's store.
Bell 'phone at house and store.
Office Hours: 10-12 a. m., 2-3 p. m., 7-8 p. m.

Hotels.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

HOTEL IMPERIAL,
Main street, Smethport, Pa., Daniel Bacon, Proprietor.
This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the deliacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

THE FLEMING HOTEL,
TWO DOORS NORTH OF BANK,
KANE - - PA.
This Hotel has been recently built and is newly furnished throughout in the latest style.
First-class accommodations for the traveling public.
M. B. PIERCE, Proprietor.

SARTWELL HOUSE,
PORT ALLEGANY, PA.
Having recently purchased the above Hotel, and made extensive improvements, I am prepared to cater to the traveling public.
C. S. KING, Proprietor.

CHADWICK HOUSE,
D. R. McDONALD, Proprietor.
Larabee, Penn'a,
First-class in every respect
Well supplied Bar.
Reasonable Rates.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
F. L. SHERBURNE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,
GLERMONT, PENNA.
This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

MODERN PHARMACY.

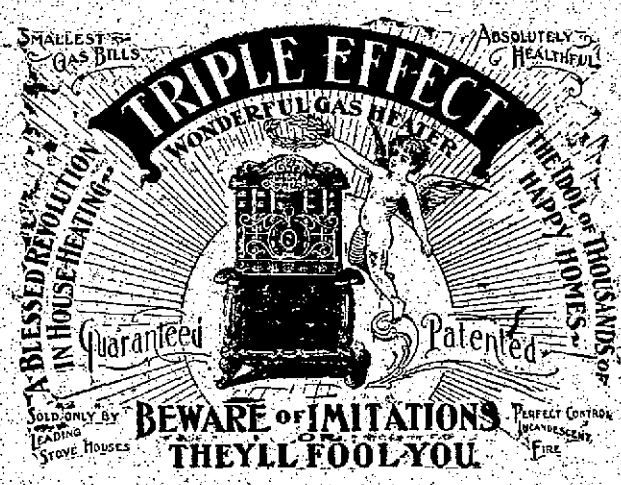
Pharmacy is a growing science and the druggist to-day who fills prescriptions must be up-to-date as well as his stock. Pure drugs, scientific service and reasonable prices are all combined when your prescription is filled here.

PERFUMES

we have a line that is the finest ever shown in town. Call and try a small bottle.

J. W. Voorhees,

Palace Pharmacy Smethport, Pa.



These Heaters need no pushing. We simply want you to know that we have them as usual.

A full line of others also.

J. C. Hamlin.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 22, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—See change in Westbrook Commercial Academy advertisement.

—The glassblowing machines which are being used in Kane are reported to be working successfully.

—J. C. Cunningham is building a small addition to and making some other improvements on his Main street residence.

—John Alexander Dowie, the Elijah III, of Zion City has gone to New York to reform that city. We expect to hear great things from New York in the near future.

—Teaching should not be a trade, but a profession. The Clarion State Normal School furnishes professional training for teachers. It also maintains departments for general education and for music and business.

—The Potter county teachers' institute is being held at Coudersport this week. If Jack Mundy don't separate himself from blessed singleness this time he will surely be among those who *also ran* in the *Must Marry Club*.

—The Port Allegany Reporter says property has increased from one hundred to four hundred per cent in that place in the past two years. However should the assessor of that borough act in accordance with this claim, we venture to say that at least three-fourths of the property owners of Port Allegany will dispute Mr. Laymon's assertion.

—C. A. Lambert went to Bolivar on Tuesday, where he takes charge of the billiard room and barber shop in the Newton House. Lambert is a good manager and an able tensorialist and will get along well in the old business. Later on he will move his family there.—Port Allegany Reporter. The Newton House is conducted by W. V. Proviu, formerly of this place.

—Coming to school Wednesday morning Miss Lorine Shurtz was passed by a messenger going at full speed for a doctor; one of his horses fell exhausted, but the driver mounted the other and rode on, necessarily leaving the fallen horse until he could return. Without waiting for questions or explanations Miss Shurtz helped it to its feet, covered it with blankets and led it up and down the road until relief came. She was late at school and as she said to a schoolmate, after failing to do herself credit in class, "that horse knocked Latin all ont of my head, but I guess the horse is all right." Miss Shurtz is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fitz Shurtz.—Port Allegany Reporter.

Servants In Sweden.

In Stockholm there is an Old Servants' home, occupying a row of buildings upon a pleasant street, where servants who are too old to work are given shelter and care. The institution is supported by public subscription and by the interest derived from a large endowment. When a household servant has been engaged for a long time in the same family and has become too old to work and the family is not in circumstances to support her, application can be made to the trustees, who investigate the case, and if it is found that the servant is deserving and her former employers are not able to provide for her properly she is admitted to the home. The institution is always full, and there is generally a long waiting list of applicants.

Raising the Ship.

"Yes," said the yarn spinning old mariner in the corner of the railway carriage, "for three days and nights we worked at the pumps, and still the water gained on us. At last we gave up the hopeless struggle. There we was—stukk', stukk', expectin' to perish every 'eff a minute. It was a horful time, believe me. Suddenlike we feels the wessel a-risin' up through the water. She riz till her keel was a'most out o' water, and we rides into port light on top o' the waves. We was saved. Now it happened was we had a cargo o' yeast on board, and when the water reached it it rose and rose till it fairly lifted up the ship."

How Sea Birds Quench Their Thirst.

The means by which sea birds quench their thirst when far out at sea is described by an old skipper, who tells how he has seen birds at sea, far from any land that could furnish them water, hovering around and under a storm cloud, clattering like ducks on a hot day at a pond and drinking in the drops of rain as they fell. They will smell a rain squall a hundred miles distant or even farther off and scud for it with almost inconceivable swiftness.

An Ominous Symptom.

"A good wife is heaven's greatest gift to man and the rarest gem the earth holds," remarked Mr. Jarphly the other morning. "She is his joy, his inspiration and his very soul. Through her he learns to reach the pure and true, and her loving hands lead him softly over the rough places. She is"—

"Jeremiah," said Mrs. Jarphly solemnly, "Jeremiah, what wickedness have you been up to now?"

Chivalry.

The essence of chivalry is to look out for the little ones. Wherever a child can be helped, wherever a stranger can be guided or a friend who is shy set at ease, wherever a weak brother can be saved from falling and shame, wherever an old man's step can be made easy, wherever a servant's position can be dignified in his eyes, is the chance for chivalry to show itself.

Some people make money by spending it.—Atchison Globe.

Whistler and His Model.

James MacNeill Whistler once owed a female model $5 for sittings. She was a Philistine of the Philistines, who knew nothing of her patron's fame and was in no way impressed with his work. One day she told another artist that she had been sitting to a little Frenchman called Whistler, who lounged about his studio and was always complaining that people were swindling him and that he was making very little money. The artist suggested that if she could get any piece of painting out of Whistler's studio he would give her $50 for it. Although skeptical, the model decided to tell her "little Frenchman" of this too generous offer and selected one of the biggest and finest works in the studio. "What did he say?" asked the artist who had made the offer when the model appeared in a state of great excitement and looking almost as if she had come second best out of a scrimmage. "He said: 'Fifty dollars! Good heavens! Fifty dollars!' And he got so mad—well, that's how I came in here like this."

Henley's Sufferings.

In fifty-four years of his life—he was born in 1849—W. E. Henley never knew what a day's perfect health meant. When little more than a boy he was attacked by a disease which necessitated the amputation of one foot. He was told later by the doctors that the sacrifice of the other leg was necessary were he to live. The fame of Dr. Lister had reached Henley, and, penniless and almost friendless, he determined to try Edinburgh infirmary. Thither he traveled third-class in physical suffering such as few have known, and when he reached the infirmary his whole possessions amounted to a few shillings. His confidence in Lister was justified and his leg was saved. He was and remained a cripple, but neither hopeless nor helpless. His astounding nimbleness under these conditions suggested to Robert Louis Stevenson the physical sketch of John Silver.

The Red Sea.

Here is an interesting theory: What made the Red sea red? The blood of locusts. Read a few lines from Exodus: "And the locusts went up over all the land of Egypt and rested in all the coasts of Egypt: very grievous were they. Before them there were no such locusts as they, neither after them shall be such. For they covered the face of the whole earth, so that the land was darkened. And the Lord turned a mighty strong west wind, which took the locusts and cast them into the Red sea. There remained not one locust in all the coasts of Egypt." The Red sea today is no more red than any other sea. Its reddening was temporary.—New York Press.

What Is Gossip?

There has been complaint from the beginning of history that women are "curious." What is curiosity? It is the uneasy appetite of an ill fed mind. People fully educated and fully employed are not curious. Civilized woman has inherited the mental growth of man and then has had to confine that enlarged capacity to precisely the same field of activity which was sufficient for a squaw. Women have been accused for centuries of a tendency to "gossip." What is gossip? It is small talk about other people. The tendency to this vice is a reaction from the persistent presence of our own affairs.—Success.

Eugene Field's Sarcasm.

Eugene Field was once presented to a "sister poet," to whom he tried to say pleasant things. At last the lady inquired condescendingly, "Do you ever write yourself?" "A little," replied Field modestly. "And what did you say your name was?" "My name is Field—Eugene Field." "I have not heard of you before, Mr. Field," said the lady, with oppressive frankness. "No, madam," said Field, "nor I of you; but you might at least have pretended you had, as I did. Good afternoon."

The Nebular Hypothesis.

The nebular hypothesis survives in name, but with connotations indefinitely diversified. Regarding the modus operandi of cosmic change there is no consensus of opinion. That there was in the beginning a solar nebula all are agreed, but whether it was gaseous or pulverent, whether it shone with interrupted or continuous light, how it became ordered and organized, how it collected into spheres, leaving wide interspaces clear, the wisest are perplexed to decide.

His Position.

"Say, Chimmie, see dat man gettin' on de car? Dat's the postmaster general."

"Aw, gwan! He ain't no general—ain't got no brass buttons nor stars nor nuttin'."

"Aw, he ain't no soldier general. He's de man wot hands out letters at de general delivery windy."—Kansas City Journal.

Insects Used For Medicine.

The cochineal insect is in some cases recognized as a medicine and at one time had a reputation for wonderful virtues. Honey and wax, often used in pharmacy, are insect products, while galls, used in medicine for the astringent properties and the gallic and tannic acid they furnish, are also the work of insects.—London Tit-Bits.

Be true to yourself, and you do not need to worry about what the neighbors think.

"It"

is the New and Better Breakfast Food, so different from all others that it pleases everybody. Get a package to-day at your grocers.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO., LE ROY, N. Y.

The Letters Came Back.

A circumstantial fish story is told by the London News. The captain of the steamer Benalder of Leith, on a voyage to China, threw a bundle of old letters overboard in the Mediterranean. Some Spanish fishermen of Aguilas, near Cartagena, later caught a large fish and, on opening it found a bundle of letters inside. They took this to the mayor, who managed to decipher in one the name and address of the superintendent of the steamship line in London and thus to restore the letters to their owner.

Quieting.

Mrs. Patty—Do you really think Dr. Duckman is a skillful physician?

Mrs. Giblin (the patient)—I don't know so much about that. But he has such a quieting way with him! When I said I hoped I shouldn't be buried alive he said he'd look out for that. Wasn't that thoughtful of him?—Boston Transcript.

In a Bad Way.

Mary—I'm sorry to hear that you're not been feeling well. What seems to be the matter?

Jane—I suppose I am run down. Why, for the last month I haven't been able to put any heart even into my shopping.—Brooklyn Life.

Praise undeserved is satire in disguise.—Broadhurst.

COMING TO SMETHPORT.

Eminent Specialists of New York and Philadelphia

ELECTRO MEDICAL INSTITUTE

Will be at the Imperial Hotel Two Days, Monday and Tuesday, November 2 and 3. They Will Make Regular Visits to Smethport.

The first being an advertising trip to introduce their new system they will give to all who call on the above dates, consultation, examination, advice and all medicine necessary to complete a permanent CURE—FREE.

It will be expected of all patients taking advantage of this offer to state to their friends the result obtained by their new system of treatment. They treat ALL KINDS OF CHRONIC DISEASES AND DEFORMITIES.

It is very seldom that a community so situated as the one in which we live has the privilege of consulting such renowned specialists, who are in constant attendance to wait upon you, diagnose your case and give you the benefit of their medical knowledge. There is no experimenting or guess work. You will be told whether you can be cured or not. If your case is curable they will treat you; if incurable they will give you such advice as to prolong your life.

They treat deafness by an entirely new method, and hearing is restored at once. $100 forfeit for any case of deafness that we fail to make hear from the first treatment. CATARRH in all its VARIED FORMS cured so it will never return, by breaking up the cold catching tendency by the electrical absorption of medicine. If you have weak lungs or consumption do not fail to be examined.

The new discovery of absorbing medicine by electricity in paralysis, loss of manly vigor, rheumatism and all diseases of the nervous system, including EPILEPSY, is a God-send to suffering humanity. Medical men stand amazed at the marvelous cures that are being effected wherever this system is being introduced. Thousands who have given up all hopes of ever being cured now have an opportunity of a life time to consult doctors of a national reputation. Remember their knowledge of medicine combined with electricity gives them control of diseases that others do not possess. If you have WEAK EYES, come and see the greatest AMERICAN and EUROPEAN EXPERT OCCULIST. He with his remarkable discovery cures all those afflicted with failing eyesight, cataracts or functional blindness. The Blind made to see by our entirely new method. No experiments. Come and test it for yourself. Eyes expertly tested and treated. ALL THIS IS FREE OF CHARGE. WE STRAIGHTEN CROSS EYES SO THEY STAY STRAIGHT. BEFORE YOU LEAVE THE OFFICE. NO KNIFE. NO PAIN. This is done by our new system.

Don't fail to call on these eminent specialists, as a visit costs you nothing and may save your life.

If you suspect kidney trouble, bring a two-ounce vial of your urine for chemical and microscopic analysis.

Go early, as their offices are always crowded. If you are improving under your family physician do not come and take up their valuable time. They wish to give each one plenty of time, but cannot listen to long stories not pertaining to your case. The rich and poor alike treated.

NOTICE—Morphine, cocaine, laudanum, opium, tobacco and liquor habits cured in a short time.

N. B.—CANCERS, TUMORS, ULCERS, all blood, skin and scalp diseases treated by an entirely new method. PILES cured in five or ten days without the knife. They make a specialty of diseases peculiar to either sex and cure where others fail. VARICOCELE CURED permanently in a few days.

Remember this liberal offer is for this first trip only and not one cent will be charged for all the medicines required to make a permanent cure to all those commencing treatment on this first visit. Also a positive guarantee to cure will be given to all patients that we accept on this our advertising trip.

NOTICE—MARRIED LADIES must be ACCOMPANIED BY THEIR HUSBANDS.

Office hours 8 a. m. to 7:30 p. m.

Remember the dates and hotel.

Those having rupture should not fail to see the Hernia Specialist, he, by his thorough fitting can retain and cure Rupture where others fail.

Paint Protection

The practical painter says, when your house is covered with

Patton's SUN-PROOF Paint

and the paint covered by a 5 year guaranty you have the best possible protection to your house and purse.

Patton's Sun-Proof Paint protects, preserves and beautifies. Made of purest pigments and oil, with just the right proportions of zinc and lead (Patton's secret formula). It withstands sun and rain, heat and cold twice as long as hand made paint. Guaranteed to wear well for five years—usually lasts twice that long. Send for book of Paint Knowledge and Advice (free) to

PATTON PAINT CO., Lake St., Milwaukee, Wis.

FOR SALE BY

J. C. HAMLIN, Smethport, Pa.

Good Coffee or Tea

Does not hurt you even if some of the advertisements of these wonderful substitutes do tell you so. We have the finest line in the place, as well as a complete line of the best groceries.

Leave your orders by 'phone or in person and they will be delivered promptly at your home.

Hagberg & Sherburne,

Holder Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

STOP! READ and REFLECT.

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

PICTURES

Just received an elegant line of pictures. Altogether new styles and designs. If you want something new and pretty come and look them over.

BOOKS

Full line of new books by the latest authors. Look them over. WILL SELL THEM VERY CHEAP next ten days.

Wells Pharmacy.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. **Specht & Sasse.**

Brasted's ICE CREAM By the LISH, QUART or GALLON.

Good Quality

and GOOD MEASURE means much in the grocery business; they mean much to consumers of groceries, and when you can have them at ordinary prices the grocer supplying them is likely to have a stronghold upon his trade.

Our Sartoria Coffee is an eye opener to most people who have never tasted an ideal cup of coffee. We sell it for 25c a pound. Equal to most coffee at 30c a pound.

10 pound Jersey Sweet potatoes for 25c.

J. COLEGROVE,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Next to Bank.

WHEN IN NEED OF A PLUMBER

It is cheapest to get the best. We guarantee to do first class work at prices that are right. Estimates cheerfully given.

PLUMBING,
GAS FITTING,
SPOUTING,
TIN WORK,
Steam and Hot Water Heating.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK, Smethport.

McKean County Miner.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 22, 1903.

Republican Ticket.

STATE.

AUDITOR GENERAL,
WILLIAM P. SNYDER,
of Chester county.

STATE TREASURER,
WILLIAM L. MATTHEWS,
of Delaware county.

SUPERIOR COURT JUDGES:
THOMAS A. MORRISON,
of McKean county.
JOHN J. HENDERSON,
of Crawford county.

COUNTY.

PRESIDENT JUDGE,
JOSEPH W. BOUTON,
of Smethport.

JURY COMMISSIONER,
LEON CURTIS,
of Keating township.

A MAN who was a great admirer of William J. Bryan and free silver died in Mexico, Mo., recently and on his tomb stone he had placed the following inscription: "Kind friends I have left behind, cast your votes for Jonnings Bryan."

IN Clearfield county political affairs are at white heat. One of the candidates for a county office has been arrested and locked up on the charge of stealing a watch. It is not so bad in a political campaign to keep a watch on the opposition, but to keep it contrary to the act of Assembly, made and provided to prevent larceny, is quite another matter.—Bradford Era.

THE Prohibitionists of this county have an excellent chance of making a good showing this year. Owing to the failure of the county chairman to file certificates of nomination of nominees, or nomination papers, there is no Democratic ticket in McKean county for the fall election. State papers were sent too late and county papers were mailed to the State Department.

THE Prohibition mass meeting held here last Thursday was not very successful, so far as attendance goes at least. Owing to the showers in the afternoon the meeting at the park drew few people and in the evening at the court house the attendance was also light, perhaps on account of the counter attraction at the Lyceum. John D. Gill, the candidate for judge, made a speech, which from prohibition standpoint was very good, but the voters of this section are so unanimously for Hon. Joseph W. Bouton that they are not interested in other candidates.

IN speaking of the judgeship question the Republican says: "John D. Gill, the Prohibition candidate for judge of this county, will be in Port Allegany next week Thursday and will invite you to vote for him for county judge. He lives somewhere down in the southern part of the Commonwealth. His opponent is a resident citizen of the county, but Mr. Gill has some reasons no doubt that he wants to tell you why you should vote for him, a non-resident, instead of Judge Bouton, a home-grown man. Mr. Gill is a fine man no doubt, but he can't be a better man than your neighbor Bouton."

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 19, 1903.

President Roosevelt's interest in Maryland politics is one of several circumstances which have made the campaign in that State of national importance, hardly second to that of the contest in Ohio. For some time there has been a bitter factional struggle among the Maryland Republicans, between the followers of Senator McComas and Representative Mudd who quarreled over federal patronage. Many of the Republicans are determined that Senator McComas shall not be re-elected and this lack of harmony is liable to be of service to the Democrats. The leaders of both factions have had frequent interviews with the President and this gave rise to rumors that he favored first one and then the other faction. He has now made it plain that his interest in the campaign is merely a party one and that he is neither for nor against any of the Republican candidates. He has appealed to the leaders to put aside their factional differences and unite to defeat the Democrats. It is not known just what effect the President's attempts at harmonizing the party will have, but they have much annoyed Senator Gorman who publicly criticizes President Roosevelt for interference in the State campaign. Mr. Gorman's criticisms may be good politics, but they are not very just as there are plenty of precedents for the President's interference in State politics in the interest of the party. It might also be said that the Senator from Maryland is himself interfering in the New York campaign, as he is now in that city aiding Tammany. He is one of the most probable candidates for the Democratic nomination for President and many Republicans feel that he is the strongest man the Democrats can put up. His chances for the nomination are supposed to be in direct proportion to the Democratic success in his State and this is another circumstance which makes the Maryland campaign of importance. In addition, the race question which has been made the issue of the campaign, is of special importance to President Roosevelt as he has done much to make it a factor in present politics. He no doubt feels that a Republican victory in Maryland would serve as an indorsement of his attitude toward the negro and as the State has southern sympathies, such an indorsement would have special weight with the President's northern and western critics of his negro policy. Therefore a Republican victory in Maryland would give the President prestige as a party harmonizer, would be a partial indorsement of his attitude toward the negro and would lessen the power of Senator Gorman as a possible competitor in the Presidential campaign.

Senator Hansbrough is preparing a bill along the general lines recommended by the President in his message to the last session of the Fifty-seventh Congress. This measure provides that the desert land act shall be so amended as to prevent the assignment of the entryman's right before the expiration of the three years from the time of entry. Speaking on the subject of land law revision, the Senator said recently: "The facts do not warrant a complete revision of the existing land laws, although the modifications which I have incorporated in my bill I regard as most important. People who have lived in the West, who have watched the struggles of the poor but energetic settlers in that country contending with the fact that they cannot harvest a money crop under eighteen months from the time they enter upon their land and that in the meantime they must support their families, cannot but appreciate that the provision whereby a settler can, at the end of fourteen months, borrow cash upon his land, make the final payment and get a clear title on which to base a mortgage, is a wise one, as wise to-day as when it was enacted by Congress. The needy settler who has lived in the community for fourteen months and demonstrated habits of thrift and industry, can always secure from the local bankers the funds with which to commute his claim and enough to live on temporarily, stock his farm, buy a few agricultural implements, etc., and that class of man makes a good citizen. I appreciate that there may be a serious fight in Congress this session over this subject, but I have reason to believe that a majority will support my bill."

To commemorate his great services to the country an equestrian statue of General William Tecumseh Sherman was unveiled here last Thursday. The ceremony was preceded by a military parade and review of all the regular troops in or near Washington and of the District of Columbia National Guard. President Roosevelt, members of the Cabinet, the Diplomatic Corps, representatives of the four great armies of the Civil War and many prominent navy and army men attended the unveiling. Many of the diplomats were criticized for leaving before the President and the completion of the ceremonies. The two large flags which enveloped the statue were drawn aside by the nine-year-old grandson of General Sherman and at the same moment the artillery started the salute of seventeen guns. The veterans of the Civil War gave a tremendous cheer and the Marine band played "The Star Spangled Banner." Speeches were delivered by the President and by General David B. Henderson, representing the Army of the Cumberland, by General Daniel E. Sickels of the Army of the Potomac, by General Charles H. Grosvenor of the Army of the Tennessee and by General Thomas J. Henderson of the Army of the Potomac. The President said: "We cannot afford to lose the virtue which made the men of '61 to '65 great in war. No man is warranted in feeling pride in the deeds of the army and navy of the past if he does not back up the army and navy of the present. If we are far sighted in our patriotism there will be no let up in the work of building and of keeping at the highest point of efficiency a navy suited to the part the United States must hereafter play in the world and of making and of keeping our small regular army, which in the event of a great war can never be anything but the nucleus around which our volunteer armies must form themselves, the best of its size to be found among the nations." He condemned dishonesty in public service and said that he hoped soon to see a proper statue of Lincoln at the capital. Sherman's statue stands at the head of Pennsylvania, just south of and facing the treasury building.

Special Colonist Tickets.

Daily now until Nov. 30th the Nickel Plate Rd. will sell special one-way colonists' tickets Buffalo to California and Pacific coast points at rate of $42.50 and at less rates to points in Utah, Montana and Idaho. Splendid tri-weekly tourist car service. See local agents or write R. E. Payne, Gen. Agt., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Dr. Burg Chadwick has had the Bell telephone placed in his office. Call number 21.

Just received a new lot of watches and jewelry at Holden's, the Carter store.

Get your oysters at Harrington's Restaurant. They are the best.

OLEAN'S BIG DEPARTMENT STORE.

BELL BROS.

LADIES' WINTER GARMENTS.

COATS SUITS SKIRTS

Ladies smart tailor made suits, all the new styles and materials, special good value are these.

$15.00 and $18.00.

Ladies rain coats in Fashionable shades, full length double capes and belt, the most wanted garment of the season.

$10.00 and $15.00.

Ladies stylish winter coats in castor and black, half tight fitting backs, reasonable good values.

$10.00 $15.00 $18.00.

Ladies walking skirts in the new flecked goods, handsomely stitched, flare bottom.

$8.50 to $10.00.

Our Millinery Dept. is second to none and you are missing some mighty stylish hats if you buy without looking here first.

BELL BROS.

The Leading Dry Goods, Carpet and Furniture House of Southwestern New York

McCoy's Drug Store.

We have had so many calls for The Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pen, with an accidental insurance, that we have added a show case full of them to our stock and we invite your attention.

McCoy's Drug Store.

A NEW JEWELRY STORE.

Kerr's Jewelry Store, formerly of Mt. Jewett, Pa., is now located in the Clark building, Main St., where we will be pleased to have you call and inspect our stock, consisting of

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, CLOCKS,
RINGS, Novelties in SILVER & JEWELRY,
SILVERWARE, RICH CUT GLASS,
SPECIALTIES, ETC, ETC.

All goods of the best make and guaranteed. Watch, clock, jewelry and spectacle repairing and engraving a specialty. We can duplicate any broken lens. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Come and get our prices. At

KERR'S

Burdick's Music Store, Smethport, Pa.

When The Leaves Begin To Turn

And the cool breezes blow from the north the man who cares to dress well begins to think of a new suit. There is good sense in thinking about it, for, though often wrong, the world is apt to judge a man by his clothes.

Dress well, but dress economically. Get the most for your money. We aim to supply the clothing wants of every man in Smethport.

We cater to all classes.

We have on hand ready for your inspection a full line of the following:

Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits and Overcoats.
Young's and Bonar's Hats.
Terhune Union Made Shoes.
Superior Sweaters.

And we can also make you a suit or overcoat to order.

Call in and examine our stock before buying elsewhere.

Your old and Reliable Clothier.

H. W. RUBIN.

SMETHPORT, PA.

Go to D. C. YOUNG'S store, corner of Main and Union Streets, and buy your goods. Prices the lowest and stock the largest of any in town.

PURPLE TRADING STAMPS

given with every cash purchase.

Call and look over premiums which will be given with every book filled with Purple Trading Stamps. Fourteen other business places associated with me in using Purple Trading Stamps. You can fill a book quickly and get the best premiums ever offered.

D. C. YOUNG,

SMETHPORT, PA., Oct. 27, 1903.

THE FAMOUS

Central Block, CLOTHING STORE. Smethport, Pa.

Boldly and Truthfully

we state that we can produce
Better Styles,
Better Fitting Clothing,
Finer Shoes, Hats, Underwear,
&c., at

LOWER PRICES

Than the whole combination of competitors in this city.

It will not cost you a cent to look us over.

Wm. Monheimer.

NEW GOODS

coming in every day. The most correct and newest novelties in neckwear, belts, purses, etc.

Would call attention to the fine line of invitation goods and all the new designs in

TALLY CARDS.

This is the place to buy children's school stockings.

MRS. M. L. BISETT,
Smethport, Pa.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT. PENNA.

CAPITAL $200,000.00
SURPLUS $30 000.00.

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy. & Treas.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa

Blacksmithing.

O. W. Dickerson has purchased the shop formerly occupied by Morris Keefer, Smethport, Pa., where I will do all kinds of blacksmithing and make a specialty of horse shoeing. Having given much attention to all peculiarities and diseases of horses' feet, I will guarantee satisfaction with all such work entrusted to my care.

O. W. DICKERSON.

If it is a Nice Suit of Clothes

that you want now is the time and this is the place to get it.

This store never knows a dull season and I am always prepared to serve my customers with the best.

G. W. Shillenn,

The Leading Tailor

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

Fall Clothing, Hats and Furnishings

Are Arriving Daily.

September 1st will see all new goods in and ready for the wearer. Our ready-to-wear clothes for men, young men and boys will this season be unsurpassed.

Alfred Benjamin & Co.'s clothing for men.
Sam Peck & Co.'s clothing for young men and boys.

These names on a garment mean much to the wearer. They are a guarantee of safety.

You'll come and see them, of course.

IKE SIMONS

46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double Clothing Store

THERE IS SOMETHING DOING.

Our stock for the spring don's is complete. We can furnish your house or office in better shape and for less money than the small dealers.

We please where others fail

"See Sloan First."

J. M. SLOAN,

16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

Dry Goods, Carpets, Cloaks and Shoes.

THE PACKARD SHOE

FOR MEN

is noted for its superiority of fit, durability and style.

We have a full line of all styles of

Patent Colt,
Enamel,
Vici Kid,
Velour,
Box Calf.

The prices are

$3, $3.50, $3.75, $4 and $5

Every pair guaranteed to give satisfaction.

UNION MADE.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

Now Heat Your Home Comfortable With a Reflex Gas Heater.

Even if gas costs 20c a thousand it would be cheaper for you in a REFLEX HEATER than 15c gas in other makes. This is a positive fact and Redfield, the Hardware Dealer, will prove it to you. It beats using coal at any price.

At this time of year all people are more or less worried on the fuel subject. The Jewett Reflex Heater will positively settle your worriment in the most satisfactory and economical way. It will pay you to buy a Reflex because of its economy and heating power. The Pennsylvania railroad after a thorough examination of all makes, decided on the Reflex and have them in use in all their depots where natural gas is burned and the P. R. R. generally know what they are doing.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner.

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 22, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Institute next week.

—Lost—Silver watch. Finder leave at this office.

—Holmes & Gilfillan have a new stove ad in this issue.

—Attend the Lyceum orchestra dance Tuesday evening.

—Hunters, as a rule, are not bringing in much game at present.

—Packard shoes are advertised by F. G. Lindholm & Co. this week.

—Lost—A link cuff button with ruby setting. Finder, please return to this office.

—John F. Rooney has had a new brick walk laid in front of his market on Main street.

—Mrs. W. O. Herzog entertained a number of lady friends at her home last Monday evening.

—The Baptist young people will give a Hallowe'en party this year to which all friends will be cordially invited.

—Miss Agnes McCoy gave a tea last Saturday afternoon to a number of young ladies in honor of Miss Charlotte Bard.

—Charles T. Evans of Bradford was admitted to practice in the McKean county courts this week. We wish Mr. Evans success.

—Miss Orra Gleason entertained a number of her friends at her home Saturday evening in honor of Mrs. Christian Rose of Port Allegany.

—A large party of young people were entertained at the home of F. G. Lindholm last Friday evening. A number of out of town guests were present.

—Honorable M. V. Larrabee, ex-Associate Judge and a prominent citizen of Potter county, died at his home in Roulette recently, aged sixty-six years.

—If you don't hand in your personal items or we don't happen to see your friend in town, how do you expect to see their visit mentioned in the paper?

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. The lessons for the day will be on "Being Born Again" and "Halting Between Two Opinions."

—The ladies of the Baptist church will give a chicken supper at the hose House Friday evening, Oct. 23. Supper served from 5 to 8 o'clock. Everybody invited.

—The Lyceum orchestra will give a ten-cent dance at the Smethport Lyceum next Tuesday evening. Everybody is invited and all are guaranteed a first-class time.

—"Good and Evil Eyes" will be Rev. P. S. Galvin's subject at the Baptist church next Sunday evening at 7:30. Regular morning worship at the usual hour, 10:30.

—The subject for next Sunday morning at the M. E. church will be "The Patriarchs, the Hope of Their Age." The evening subject is "The Man With One Talent."

—The Federal National Bank of Pittsburg closed its doors yesterday. This bank is capitalized at $2,000,000 and it is thought it will be able to pay its creditors nearly in full.

—Again we call attention to the condition of many sidewalks in this borough which are in a bad condition for the winter. These walks should be repaired before snow falls.

—A new train has been put on the Kushequa Route which will take passengers to Bradford in the morning. The train leaves here at 9:35 and arrives in Bradford at 10:30.

—Clara, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Bedell, was run over by an Erie switch engine in Bradford last Monday and had her left leg cut off between the ankle and knee.

—The dancing school and after dance given by Misses Mitchell and Gallup at the hose house last evening was well attended and highly enjoyed. The Lyceum orchestra furnished excellent music.

—The citizens of Coudersport are lucky. The Potter Gas Company has reduced the price of gas to twelve and one-half cents per thousand feet and also announce that they will undersell all competition.

—A partridge was caught by L. K. Hogarth on the court house lawn Tuesday afternoon. The bird, which was a young one, had evidently become frightened and flew against something which partially stunned it, for it was apparently uninjured. Mr. Hogarth generously presented the bird to the writer.

—By the breaking of a traveling crane on the Pittsburg end of the new cantilever bridge being constructed over the Monongahela river, eight men were killed and several were injured on Monday.

—A crew of 13, consisting of the captain of a lumber boat, his wife, four children and seven men were picked up by the steamship Haverford on Sunday. They had been lost for nearly a month and were nearly starved.

—Peter K. Soffel, former county jail warden of Pittsburg, was granted a divorce from his wife, Katherine, yesterday. Mrs. Soffel assisted the Biddles to escape and is now in the western penitentiary for that offense.

—William Dickerson of this borough was arrested last Saturday on a delicate charge preferred by a young lady. He was brought before Justice Knapp where he waived hearing and gave bail for his appearance at the next term of court.

—Those who go hunting cannot be too careful at what and where they shoot. At this time of year the woods are full of hunters and if a person makes the practice of shooting before he knows just what he is shooting at he is very liable to kill or seriously injure a fellow hunter.

—On the first day of the hunting season Judges Bouton and Reed killed three partridges and one hen. The killing of the latter was not premeditated as it had wandered into the woods and was taken for one of the former species. Judge Bouton settled the case by paying the owner 50 cents and returning the denuded hen.

—There is one thing the management of the Lyceum should put a stop to and that is the habit of whistling. A number of small boys and some larger ones whistle whenever anything pleases them and it is very annoying to a great portion of the Lyceum patrons. Other opera houses do not tolerate this nuisance. Why should we?

—Sunday afternoon the writer saw a well dressed young man as he was walking along the principal portion of Main street, pull out a bottle (apparently whiskey), take a drink and replace it in his pocket. He did not act intoxicated or as though it was an unusual occurrence, so we presume they do things differently in Elk county, or wherever he came from.

—Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Gallup left Thursday for San Francisco, to attend the annual meeting of the American Bankers' Association, which convenes there October 20-25. Mr. and Mrs. Gallup will also visit Deadwood, South Dakota, on their return journey, where Mr. Gallup has business interests. They expect to be absent about three weeks.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—The Rummage Sale being held by the members of the Travellers' Club in one of the store rooms of the Hamilton Block is a decided success. The sales yesterday were very large and many useful articles were sold at remarkably low prices. The sale will continue all day to-day and this evening the remaining stock will be sold at auction. Everybody attend before this sale closes.

—Mose Johnson, the premier bear hunter of the county, who resides at Willow Creek, captured a large bear cub in a trap on Sunday near his home and brought it to Bradford yesterday, disposing of it to a well-known meat man. Mose is the most successful hunter in the county and is credited with the scalps of more large game than any man in this section.—Bradford Record.

—A sure, swift and easily procured antidote to poisoning by carbolic acid is said to be common cider vinegar. This drug has heretofore been supposed to have no known antidote. It is claimed that a half teacupful of cider vinegar, diluted with an equal amount of water, followed in a few minutes by a second dose, is a sure antidote to be employed while waiting for medical aid.

—The P., S. & N. excursion train from Shawmut and intermediate points brought four coach loads of people into this town Sunday afternoon. The party spent about an hour viewing our pretty town and satisfying the inner man at the various hotels and restaurants. It was a jolly party and the bad weather did not seem to bother them. May the popular P., S. & N. R. R. give more of these excursions.

—Mr. James H. Bloomster of Keating Summit and Miss Nellie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Shellander of Kasson, were united in marriage by Rev. G. S. Olson of Mt. Jewett at the home of Rev. Olson on Tuesday, Oct. 20, 1903, in the presence of a number of friends of the young couple. These popular young people will reside in Keating Summit in the future. The MINER unites with their many friends in wishing them happiness.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bush of Keating township have just returned from Chicago, where they have been visiting their daughter, Mrs. Jane L. Smith, for two weeks. During their stay their granddaughter, Helen G. Smith, was baptized by Dr. Jackson and is now a member of Hyde Park Baptist church. Miss Helen G. Smith has spent a very profitable year in Chicago University and is a student of great promise and expects to remain for three years to come. She is also a reporter on the daily University paper.

J. C. Hamlin has a new line of shotguns, rifles, revolvers, coats, leggins, belts, etc. Everything that contributes to a pleasant shooting trip. See his window.

A new line of robes and blankets has just arrived at my store. The variety is large and I give the best value for the money. Every article is guaranteed.

CHAS. LEMMLER.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Samuel Green of Bradford spent Sunday in town.

T. J. Butler of Mt. Jewett was in town to-day.

Col. M. M. Gillette is a visitor in Washington, D. C.

Will Flaherty spent Sunday with his parents in Bradford.

Rev. and Mrs. G. H. Patterson are Buffalo visitors this week.

J. B. Keefe of Scranton was the guest of his mother over Sunday.

Dr. Burg Chadwick left to-day for a week's visit in Niagara Falls.

Misses Sadie and Matie Connolly are visiting Bradford friends this week.

Miss Junette Hamlin returned home from Bramel, W. Va., on Friday last.

Miss Charlotte Bard returned to her duties in Washington, D. C., Monday.

Miss Charlotte Bard was the guest of Mt. Jewett friends a few days last week.

William Provin of Bolivar was the guest of friends in town a few days last week.

Miss Della Morwin was in business visitor in Hazelhurst Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Colegrove and two daughters were guests of Buffalo friends a few days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Shilleau and infant child returned home Friday from a visit to Punxsutawney.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Burton, who have been visiting the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Sawyer, have returned to their home in Olean.

Miss Lois Young returned home Friday from an extended visit in Maine and to her brother, Dr. F. R. Young, who is in the Adirondack mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin and daughter, Meribel, returned home Monday. Mrs Hamlin and daughter have been visiting their mother and grandmother in Geneva for the past month.

J. C. Hamlin has a new line of shotguns, rifles, revolvers, coats, leggins, belts, etc. Everything that contributes to a pleasant shooting trip. See his window.

I have a large stock of trunks, suit cases and traveling bags at my usual low prices. Call and see them.

CHAS. LEMMLER.

CLEANING

House is one of the duties that a weak woman looks forward to with dread. As a rule, she knows that she must pay for the over-strain with days or weeks of womanly suffering.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong and sick women well. It cures the womanly diseases which undermine the general health. It establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness.

"I took two bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' and two of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and am feeling well," writes Mrs. Dan McKenzie, of Lorway Mines, Cape Breton Co., Nova Scotia. "I had uterine trouble, also pain in the side and headache. After taking your medicine I was cured. You may publish this or use it in any way you think best, as I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Pierce and his medicine."

"Favorite Prescription" has the testimony of thousands of women to its complete cure of womanly diseases. Do not accept an unknown and unproved substitute in its place.

FREE.—Dr. Pierce's Common-Sense Medical Adviser is sent *free* on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers, or 31 stamps for the cloth-bound volume. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

FALL and WINTER MILLINERY OPENING.

Friday and Saturday we will show a large and beautiful line of ladies' and children's trimmed hats. You will find all the latest ideas in up-to-date millinery at the lowest prices.

We invite you all to see our display.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman,
Smethport, Pa.

WESTBROOK Academy

We need 25 young men now to qualify for good office positions this year. Graduates of past 21 years for reference. Send for booklet and rates. Students begin any time.

WESTBROOK ACADEMY,
Olean, N. Y.

Notice to Debtors and Creditors.

Notice is hereby given, that letters of administration (C. T. A.) on the estate of Ella G. Carter, late of the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and state of Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to Hamlin Bank & Trust Co. of Smethport, Pa. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay, to F. D. Gallup, Attorney.

HAMLIN BANK & TRUST COMPANY,
Administrators.

Smethport, Pa., September 1, 1903.

MONARCH SHIRTS $1.00 & $1.50

BANNER PATTERNS 10c & 15c

FRY & HERZOG

FURS

A superb stock of fine furs for the season of 1903 is now on sale here.

We have a bigger selection and better values than ever before and guarantee to meet your fur needs at the best possible advantage to you.

Our assortment includes all the new styles and shapes made to our order from the best grades of popular skins. They are being sold in a way that is at the least 10 per cent under the high rent city store prices.

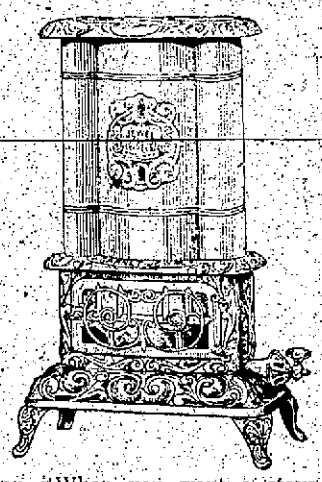
Scarfs and Muff $1.00 to $47.50.
Seal Jackets $35.00 to $47.50.

FALL WAISTS

The waists this fall are a radical departure from other years, that that much use is made of the fine cotton vestings. The change will please you we are sure. Of course flannels and silks are not lost sight of, but honors are certainly divided. You'll find pleasure and profit in looking them over.

Prices $1.00 to $5.75.

An Emblem of Economy,



The Name Garnet Jewel

found on Heating Stoves is the one sign by which you can always tell the best. It is recognized everywhere as a mark of perfection, as an emblem of economy, as a guarantee of perfection. When you want a stove that will give you the greatest heat with the least fuel, that will last longest with the least need of repair, buy a

JEWEL

Trading Stamps Given.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN,
THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE.

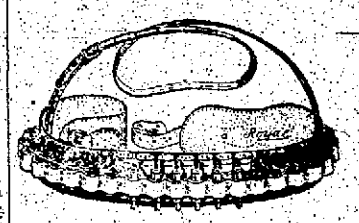
A CARD.

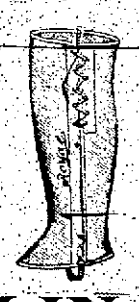
We are now having our fall goods preparing for Christmas. We will show you as fine a line of foreign and domestic goods as can be found in any city. Watch this space for later announcements.

PRILL,
ART JEWELER,
7 MAIN ST. BRADFORD.

HEADQUARTERS For Guns and Sporting Goods.

If a Hunter Uses it We Have it.





J. C. HAMLIN

JILTING OF S. E. SAVACOOL

By W. H. OSBORNE

...Copyright, 1901, by T. C. McClure...

Sarah Elizabeth Savacool was one of the nicest little girls in the world. And yet she'd never had a beau. The other girls in Cypress Hills had beaus by the dozen; but not Sarah Elizabeth Savacool—she belonged to the class that somehow had to do without.

"Never you mind, Sarah Elizabeth," her mother would remark, "you bide your time. Just you wait till Mr. Wright appears." But Mr. Wright for some reason did not turn up. Whether it was that Sarah Elizabeth did not dance well or that she lacked the artificial arts and graces of the girls around her she failed to attract the men. Perhaps the men in Cypress Hills didn't understand the worth of true womanhood.

"I don't know what it is," sighed Sarah Elizabeth as she consulted her mirror in her room, "but they don't take to me, that's all."

It worried her, for she belonged to a marrying family. It came to the point where Sarah Elizabeth dreaded to go to dances or to card parties—she was destined to turn out the one wallflower of the occasion. She was just at the age when this crushing indifference might have soured her young life forever. But at this juncture the unexpected happened.

The Tollivers were giving the largest dance of the season and, of course, Sarah Elizabeth was invited to attend.

"I simply cannot—will not—go," she told herself. "I can't go through a thing like that again." Her mother, however, tried to keep her to the front.

"Now, just you go, Sarah Elizabeth," she said. "I'm going to get Miss Carlos to make you a brand new gown—and just the kind you like. You go and who knows? Maybe Mr. Wright will be on hand this time."

Sarah Elizabeth went. There was even a certain amount of anticipatory pleasure in getting ready. She went and took her place in an unaccustomed corner and waited. Her heart sank within her, for there were all the girls she knew and all the fellows, the same old ones, and she knew there was no chance for her among them. As she watched them with burning cheeks, the mother of the Tolivers approached. Some one was with her.

"Sarah Elizabeth," said Mrs. Tolliver, "I'm going to introduce to you Mr. John Post, a new arrival in Cypress Hills. Mr. Post, Miss Savacool." The old lady bent down and smoothed a ribbon on Sarah Elizabeth's collar and whispered in her ear: "He's the son of Judge Post, the circuit judge. He's come here to stay, to practice law. That's who he is."

Mr. John Post sat down. He was a clever looking fellow, with a good square jaw. He entered into a spirited conversation with an ease of manner that would have staggered Cypress Hills. Sarah Elizabeth as soon as she realized that for the time being she was no longer a wallflower soon recovered her equilibrium. The more he talked the more she talked.

"You won't like my dancing one bit," she confided to him as he asked her for the first. "None of the fellows do." He laughed aloud.

"It can't be worse than mine," he said. "I guess you'll have to lend me most of the time." Sarah Elizabeth did. No one noticed it, but she had to take the initiative, and they both enjoyed it. It was the most hilarious waltz she had ever danced.

"You're worse than I am," she conceded when they finished.

"I admit it." He glanced at her. "And that's saying a good deal," he retorted gayly. "Under the circumstances," he continued, "do you think it wise for me to dance with any of the other girls?"

He did make the attempt, but most of his time was spent in the conservatory with Sarah Elizabeth Savacool. "It was outrageous," so said the girls who would have rejoiced to be in her place.

John Post escorted Sarah Elizabeth to her home. After that he escorted himself on divers occasions to the same place. There was a charm about Sarah Elizabeth that peculiarly attracted him. There was a charm about him that attracted her.

And on one other eventful evening John Post led Sarah Elizabeth Savacool to the cozy corner underneath the stairs and took her in his arms and kissed her and told her what he thought. And she returned the compliment. Now, in Cypress Hills one does not become engaged, as it were, but there exists what is known as an "understanding." This understanding seemed to exist between John Post and Sarah Elizabeth Savacool. And Sarah Elizabeth believed in John. She believed in his work, in his success, and more than all she believed in his fidelity. Now this was a concession, for in a place where you do not get engaged there's many a slip—you can never know whether he is really yours or somebody else's. Perhaps this lends excitement to the situation.

But for six months John Post justified her belief. And then all of a sudden Sarah Elizabeth noticed a slight change in him. He was graver, more thoughtful, more silent. She could not make it out. Any astute mind would have seen at once that it meant simply that there was another girl. But not so Sarah Elizabeth. She still believed in John.

One evening he came in rather late. He did not remove his overcoat, and he held his hat still in his hand. He had something on his mind.

"Sarah Elizabeth," he began, looking everywhere but at her face, "do you—do you still think as much of me as ever? I—I want to know." Sarah Elizabeth's breath came in gasps, but she assented.

"I want to be honest," went on John Post, "I want you to know the truth—there's no good of spoiling two lives simply for—for the sake of a sentiment."

He did not look at her. "Yes," gasped Sarah Elizabeth, "I suppose so."

John Post swallowed hard. "And so," he went on, "I thought I'd come around and tell you—that—that I'd better stop coming here before any talk began about our—about our going together, you know."

Before any talk began! As though it had not been a foregone conclusion that he and she were steady company of the most pronounced kind. Her heart sank as she thought of what the people would say now—now that she was—jilted.

He rose awkwardly and held out his hand. "And so I came to—say goodby. I hope you won't take any offense. I—I mean well. I think you know that, Sarah Elizabeth."

"Yes," she gasped again.

"Goodby, Sarah Elizabeth," he said, holding out his hand.

"Goodby," she echoed feebly.

And then for the first time he looked full into her face. As he did he started back, for the face was the white face of a girl in whom all hope was dead, a face blanched with despair. He stood looking at her for a second.

Suddenly he tore off his overcoat, threw down his hat and, bounding across the room, caught her in his arms and pressed her to his heart.

"You silly little goose!" he exclaimed as he kissed her. "You dear little girl! Did you really think I meant it?"

"But—but you did mean it," exclaimed Sarah Elizabeth.

"Did I?" he replied, adding considerable enthusiasm to his demonstrations. "You little goose! Why, what day is this?"

Sarah Elizabeth was bewildered, but she answered, "It's—it's Wednesday."

He laughed. "It's more than that—more than that," he said joyously, "for it's April fool day in the bargain." He reached down in his pocket and produced a small, square box. "Now," he exclaimed, "are you convinced that I was only fooling?" It was a diamond ring, and on the inside rim she read, "J. P. to S. E. S., Apr. 1, '02."

Two Small Pairs.

In University place a boy, preceded by a dog, encountered a woman, preceded by a smaller dog. The dogs halted; so did their owners. The animals looked at each other fixedly from a distance of six feet, each with his tail waving over his back and each uttering low growls.

"Call off your dog!" exclaimed the woman as she saw the situation.

"Call off yours!" replied the boy.

"Can't you restrain your dog?" she demanded in a high key.

"He ain't doin' nothin'."

"Yes, he is; he's intimidating my Fido."

"But your Fido is givin' him sass. I ain't goin' to restrain my dog when your dog is sayin' he can lick him with one hand tied behind his back."

"Here, Fido, haven't you more care for your reputation than to face such a low down cur as that? Come here this instant! I shall punish you for this!"

"Here, Shakespeare," said the boy as he gave his dog a light kick, "you let that animal alone. You tackled one like him last fall and you had indigestion for two months. He ain't alive. He's a stuffed lamb with a dog's tail glued on, and the woman works him with a string. Come along, and I'll show you a reg'lar live dog."—New York Press.

Carried It Too Far.

A Chicago millionaire, George T. Cline, had an extraordinary hobby. He was a connoisseur of Irishmen, according to the local papers. Though on himself he would never spend more than 15 or 20 cents a day, he thought nothing of buying Irishmen sumptuous dinners, with champagne, in order to hear them talk in their musical brogue. An Irishman, once played Colonel Cline false. He stole a pair of boots from him. Discovering the theft, the millionaire pursued the Irishman, overtaking him as he was about to enter a pawnshop with the boots in his hand. "Those are my boots; you have stolen them," said Colonel Cline. "Sure, it was only a joke," said the Irishman. But the inexorable millionaire haled the thief before a magistrate, and here again the man repeated, "It was only a joke, your honor." "Only a joke, hey?" said the magistrate. "Well, Mr. Cline, how far away from your house had he carried the boots when you overtook him?" "Over a mile, sir," replied the millionaire. "Held for court," said the magistrate. "This is a case of carrying the joke too far."

Of Course Not.

A judge of one of the United States circuit courts has a five-year-old niece of whom he is very proud. A few days ago she came to him and said with a very serious air:

"Uncle, there is a question about law I want to ask you."

"Well, dear, what is it?" patiently inquired the judge.

"Uncle, if a man had a peacock and it went into another man's yard and laid an egg, who would the egg belong to?"

The judge smiled indulgently and replied:

"Why, the egg would belong to the man who owned the peacock, but he could be prosecuted for trespassing if he went on the other's property to get it."

The child seemed very much interested in the explanation and then observed innocently:

"Uncle, did it ever occur to you that a peacock couldn't lay an egg?"

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.50 IN ADVANCE.

"THAT ETERNAL ITCHING."

$5 for any case of Itching, Outward or Inward Piles, Old Sores, Scaley Head, Poison Oak, Eczema, or any Skin Disease that can't be cured with Dr. Zigg's Silver Leaf Ointment. Just try one box, by mail 50c.

DR. ZIGG MEDICAL CO., Bradford, Pa.

For sale by L. K. Hogarth and J. W. Voorhees

STRANGE CONTRAST.

DIFFERENCES BETWEEN UPLAND AND HOT LAND MEXICANS.

Why the Characteristics of the People in the Two Sections of Mexico Are So Unlike—Effects of Two Centuries of Serfdom.

There is no country in the world that presents more strange contrasts of land and people, habits and customs, heat and cold, than Mexico. The tablelands of the country are a mile and a half higher than the coast lands, and between these there are to be found all gradations of climate. This fact lends much of the picturesque and strange to Mexico and gives it a variety in all things possessed by few, if any, countries in the world. Of all the inhabitants of Mexico, the life of the people of the hot country is the most interesting. This is, strange to say, due to the fact that there the people have ever possessed more of freedom than in the colder localities. For two centuries or more the great mass of people of the uplands were slaves. They toiled in the mines, with a guard of soldiers set over them; they built the public roads; they worked the ranches, farms and haciendas for masters who gave them scarcely more than the food they ate. The great farms of the uplands have ever required sure help, and so each ranchman had his serfs. Many estates possessed hundreds of them. Thus all individuality was crushed out of the lower class, and the terrible effect of this condition of things is still evident.

The people of the hot lands fared better, because there it was much easier to make a living and much harder to hold very large haciendas. For this reason the characteristics of the people are quite distinct from those of their brethren of the upland plateaus. In the hot lands many Indians still claim to hold in right of inheritance from remote ancestors portions of land each in his own individual right. There, too, the mayor of the village or town holds office so long as he pleases the mass of the people. In the uplands it has been the custom of the rich and powerful to distribute offices of all kinds as part of their prerogative of birth and wealth. The lower classes of the uplands, although they now have the advantage of a fairly good public system of education and are becoming gradually educated, are in the main a distinctively unambitious people. They were so long in servile slavery that they feel that the world of the middle and upper class people is beyond them. They have, therefore, no interest in anything outside their circle of friends and acquaintances—that is, in a political way. But not so in many hot country villages and communities. There the Indian has ever been more or less a factor in the life of the community in which he resided.

On the uplands there are long stretches of more or less bare lands, with mountains rising up boldly in the background. In many parts during the dry season the land is almost barren of vegetation. But in the hot country grow tall and shady trees and thick undergrowth. Everything grows almost without attention from the hand of man, and yet, strange to say, the peon, or laboring man, is there more ambitious and a better worker than the peon of the colder uplands. This is not natural and is only explained by the different conditions in which they have passed the last 400 years. Serfdom on the uplands extinguished all ambition in the lower class.

The lower class of the hot country people are fond of social life, and almost any night or early evening the year throughout one may find groups of people in a little Indian village gathered together and entertaining one another in front of some one of the houses or on the public square, which every Mexican town, however small, possesses, with music, songs and occasionally dancing.—Modern Mexico.

Facts About Giants.

That very few of the giants who have ever lived have been healthy or well formed recent researches prove beyond a doubt. All we know about Goliath is that he was very tall, but in the second book of Kings we read about another giant, who had more fingers than an ordinary human being, and, according to modern scientists, this is invariably a token of degeneracy. Marcel Donnal saw at Milan a giant who was so tall that his body filled two beds at night, but whose legs were so weak that he could hardly stand upright. William Evans, the gigantic porter of Charles I., had little strength, and Cromwell's porter, another giant, ended his days in a lunatic asylum. Finally, O'Brien, the Irish giant, has been described as "an enormous sick child who grew up too fast."

Good as His Word.

"Have you any five cent stamps?" inquired the lady.

"No, ma'am," replied the drug clerk absent mindedly, "but we have something here just as good."

"Ha, ha! Force of habit! That's where I caught you!"

"Not at all, ma'am. I can give you two twos and a one."—Philadelphia Press.

An Odd Apology.

This is the classic apology of a celebrated statesman of the last generation: "Mr. Speaker, in the heat of debate I stated that the right honorable gentleman opposite was a dishonest and unprincipled adventurer. I have now, in a calmer moment, to state that I am sorry for it."

In London if you want rooms, a servant or a situation you advertise the fact in a machine for a penny. You write out your advertisement, put it in with your penny, and the machine displays it in your own handwriting.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $2.00 IN ADVANCE.

The Fountain of Youth.

Like pretty much everything else, this matter of having children has two sides to it. As a great many children are failures, and as children are the joint product of heredity and environment, both elements preponderantly under parental control, it would seem more sensible to say that there were too many people undertaking parental responsibility instead of too few. And, further, parenthood has many cares and sorrows and exasperations. Still, when all is said, how many persons who have found themselves childless at forty-five have been able honestly to congratulate themselves?

Children have a use as an assurance against destitution and loneliness in old age. They are satisfactory to the vanity for family immortality. But more than these and all other advantages is the advantage of prolonging one's life. Growing children will keep any proper man or woman young in spirit and in mind, will retard the development of that sour yet complacent cynicism which curses old age both for oneself and for those about one.

The man or the woman—again, the right sort of man or woman—who has children drinks every day a deep draft at the fountain of eternal youth.—Saturday Evening Post.

The Dammaras of Africa.

In Galton's "Tropical South Africa" it is stated that the Dammaras use no term beyond three and that when they wish to express four they take to their fingers. Beyond five they cannot count at all. It is seldom, however, that they lose in a bargain through their inability to count. When bartering, each sheep or ox or whatever they may be selling must be paid for separately. If this rate of exchange were at the rate of two sticks of tobacco for one sheep it would greatly puzzle a Dammara to accept four sticks for two sheep. Galton says that he several times paid them in that way and that the Dammara forthwith set aside two sticks for one of the sheep, and even when he found that he had two sticks left for the other sheep, he still had his doubts as to the genuineness of the transaction and was not satisfied until two sticks were put into his hand and one sheep driven away and then another two sticks given to him for the other sheep.

The Flight of the Locust.

Writing in the Empire Review on the locust in South Africa, S. B. Kitchen says: Locusts are very tiny creatures, at most two or three inches long, yet giant jawed and shelled in a grim brown mail so hard that as they strike it causes a sharp smart. They travel in such numbers that it takes them four or five days to pass over. The scouts alone, hovering in patches like red dust clouds, are numerous enough to destroy the vegetation of a district, while the main body, high up in the air, a host of little black specks, stretches out into an interminable screen between heaven and earth. The fanning of their wings brings a fresh coolness over the hot earth even in the depth of summer. There seems to be a fresh breath of ozone as of the sea.

The Laughing Hyena.

Although the hysterical laughter of the laughing hyena is not, as was once supposed, the outcome of a deliberate attempt to decoy unwary travelers to their doom, this strange animal is, nevertheless, one of the most cunning of dumb animals. He is so suspicious of everything he does not understand that the sight of even a bit of string at once puts him on his guard. Trappers are aware of this fact and generally use the stems of creeping plants instead of string of any kind in setting their spring traps.

Preserving the Traditions.

"Yes, I have launched my new yacht," said Muchpop.

"What do you call her?" asked the friend.

"Named her for my native city—Brooklyn."

"And did you smash a bottle of wine across her bow when she was christened?"

"No, indeed! We broke a nursing bottle full of milk."—Judge.

Father and Son.

Little Bobby—I can't find my hat and coat.

Father (rushing about)—I can't find mine either. I don't see what your mother does with things. She's gone out, and there's nothing for us to do but hunt till we find 'em or else stay in.

Little Bobby (after long thought)—Let's look on the hall rack.

Imposing.

She (at the review grounds)—What an imposing figure Captain Borrows has!

He—Yes; naturally so.

She—And why naturally, pray?

He—Oh, he's always imposing on his friends.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Called Him Brother.

Harlow—I noticed you called Fred "brother." Does he belong to some secret society that you do?

Shallop—I don't belong to any secret society. I call him brother because my wife once promised to be a sister to him.—Boston Transcript.

Like a Charm.

Customer (angrily)—You said that hair restorer you sold me a couple of weeks ago would work like a charm, and it didn't do any good at all.

Druggist—But, my dear sir, no one in this enlightened age believes in the efficacy of charms.

Ambiguities of Parrot Talk.

Ida—That parrot is always saying, "Sit close."

May—Yes. It's hard to say whether his former owner was a street car conductor or a young lady keeping regular company.—St. Louis Star.

INSURANCE.

Life, Fire and Accident written by

W. F. SPECHT

SMETHPORT, PA.

In good, reliable companies.

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—Levi G. McCauley.
Secretary of Internal Affairs—J. B. Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Dutton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dyer, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McKinney, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mayo, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. F. Wilkin, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Com'rs—Walter Ostrander, Wm. Brooder.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; H. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. M. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—Alfred Hagberg, President; Miss Tyra Reymer, secretary; G. B. Mayo, treasurer; W. A. Ostrander, H. H. Reynolds, J. H. Rooney, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. D. Hamor.
Justices—E. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—Carl Sasse.
Assessor—J. A. Hulder.
Auditors—G. H. McCoy, C. C. Choate.
Judge of Election—G. A. Jackson.
Inspectors of Election—C. H. Burlingame, F. F. Freeman.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
SAMUEL E. BELL, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings, at 8 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WM. PUNCHEON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 2273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.
E. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
H. C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PEIRCE, Com.
ELIZZIE F. HOLDEN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
Mrs. MILLIE I. BIEVER, Pres't.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
SAMUEL GREEN, Pres.
MARY A. DENNING, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
ARAMETTA MYERS, W. M.
MRS L. T. COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
J. F. WILCOX, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Garlord H. Patterson Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School at 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Collegrove—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect May 24, 1903.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday, 9:12 a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:34 p. m.
**Train leaving Smethport 2:34 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.

Train 122, week days..... 11:09 a. m.
Train 126, week days..... 7:12 p. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:

Train 121, week days..... 9:12 a. m.
Train 123, week days..... 2:34 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Catawissa, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:25 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:25 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 7:20 p. m., Washington 8:15 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:25 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York 7:30 a. m., Baltimore 7:20 a. m., Washington 8:20 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:25 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days. (10:18 a. m. Sundays.) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:10 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:01 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:25 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m. week days, (7:33 a. m. Sundays). Baltimore 7:15 a. m. Washington 8:10 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches. Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

3:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays Dubois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:10 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for Dubois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH A. M. Lv.	STATIONS	SOUTH Ar. P. M.
9 25	Ridgway	12 51
9 50	Johnsonburg	11 49
10 17	Glen Hazel	11 27
10 28	Straight	11 18
10 30	Instanter	11 15
10 36	Smith's Run	11 09
10 51	Woodvale	11 02
10 40	Clermont	11 00
A. M.		P. M.

Connections are made with train 9, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:02 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:05 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, V. P. WOOD,
General Manager. Gen'l Pass'r Agent.
GEO. W. HOYT,
Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua Railway.

Time Card in Effect, May 17, 1903.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:00 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. And for Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Kane with the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. for points south, and with the Penn'a. R. R. for points east and west.

10:15 a. m.—Train to Kane, Bradford and intermediate points, making close connections at Kane with P. R. R. train No. 3 for Warren, Irvineton Curry, Union City and Erie.

1:30 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. And for Mt. Jewett and Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Kane with P. R. R. for Wilcox, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Emporium, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia.

Trains arrive at Smethport at 9:00 a. m., 5:10 p. m. and 3:50 p. m. daily except Sunday.

For tickets and full information call on or address B. J. Cummins, Ticket Agt. Smethport.

A. B. CAMPBELL,
Gen'l Passenger Agent,
Bradford, Penn'a.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Time Table No. 18. Passenger Train Schedule Effective Sept. 24, 1903.

MT. JEWETT & SMETHPORT DIV.

p.m.	p.m.	a.m.		a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
	1:00	8:10	Lv Mt. Jewett Ar	8:00	12:30	
5:07	1:20	8:28	Pt. Pleasant	7:39	11:48	5:09
5:10	1:40	8:31	Hazelhurst	7:36	11:46	4:21
5:18	1:55	8:37	Marvindale	7:29	11:38	4:14
5:21	2:00	8:40	Rasson	7:26	11:35	4:10
5:33	2:07	8:47	Comet	7:18	11:27	4:03
5:34	2:25	8:55	Smethport	7:10	11:19	3:55
				p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
5:44	1:25	9:14	Smethport	7:20	11:30	3:35
6:06	2:37	9:26	Mail n	7:09	11:08	3:24
6:07	2:53	9:27	Farmers Valley	7:08	11:07	3:23
6:14	2:45	9:34	Coryville	7:00	11:00	3:16
6:20	2:50	9:40	Larabee	6:56	10:55	3:10

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

D. F. MAHONEY, General Supt. St. Marys, Pa.
G. J. REYNOLDS, Gen. Pass. Agt.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	STATIONS.	Lv Westward Ar	Dp A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10	
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.19	
7.46	6	1.57	Carpenter	0	2.34	9.22	
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.26	
7.37	6.45	1.50	Newfield Junc.	7.37	2.42	9.32	
0	0	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	0	
7.05	6.36	1.47	Cold	7.44	2.49	9.40	
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.47	
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.02	
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10	
6.25	6.10	1.13	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.20	
6.15	0	1.05	N. Couds'pt	0	3.26	10.35	
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp.	Ar. 8.35	3.30	10.45	
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport			P.M.	
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar.	Dp. 8.28	6.00	1.20	
0	0	12.13	Hammond	0	0	0	
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31	
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37	
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton	0	6.17	0	
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51	
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01	
3.23	0	11.41	Coleman	0	6.34	0	
3.20	0	0	Chem. Wrks	0	0	0	
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25	
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp	Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

THE NEW YORK WORLD

THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

The Presidential campaign is over but the world goes on just the same and is full of news, just as it is—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the columns of the Thrice-a Week Edition of the New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.

The Thrice-a-Week World's diligence as a publisher of first news has given it circulation where the English language is spoken—and you want it.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only $1.00 per year. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the MINER together one year for $1.65.

The regular subscription price of the World is one dollar.

We promptly obtain U. S. and Foreign PATENTS send model, sketch or photo of invention for free report on patentability. For free book, How to Secure Patents and TRADE-MARKS write to CASNOW & CO. Opposite U. S. Patent Office WASHINGTON D. C.

THEIR AUTO ELOPEMENT

By IZOLA L. FORRESTER

...Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure...

"We can't do a blessed thing," cried Daisy hopelessly. "Something broke when that last bump came, and we may be here in the road for hours before help comes, and I expect to see papa whizz around the corner any minute. It's dreadful."

"Don't cry, sweetheart," said Ralph.

"You'll make your nose red, Daisy," added Mrs. Lambert merrily, "and then what a moist, forlorn little bride you'll be. Stop petting her, Ralph, and talk sense. Can't you fix it?"

Carewe shook his head despairingly. They were on the New York and Boston pike. Here and there an apple tree lay in the sunlight like a great pink and white puffball. The grassy footpath along the pike was splashed with bright gold where dandelions and buttercups elbowed each other, and through the bars of a pasture on the right a couple of red and white calves were watching them with lazy interest. Mrs. Lambert drew in a deep breath of appreciation.

"Isn't it lovely?" she said. "Daisy, sit up and look at your wedding day. I see a little white spire over the top of those hazel bushes, Ralph."

Carewe climbed to the top of the stone wall for a survey.

"By Jove, Aunt Ruth, you're right!" he called gayly. "Come on, sweetheart."

Daisy flushed rosily as the eager, boyish arms lifted her to the ground, and she cast a half frightened glance down the smooth, dusty road. Any minute at all the judge might come. He was sure to follow, and they were only a few miles from home.

Mrs. Lambert was looking at her green and gold chatelaine watch.

"You ought to be back here in half an hour," she said, her blue eyes as full of excitement and happiness as Daisy's. "I'm not a bit afraid to stay here and face the judge. You two children run for the white spire, and heaven bless you both."

"Aunt Ruth, did any one ever tell you you were an angel?" exclaimed Ralph, giving her hand a clasp that parted the seams of her neat tan gloves.

"Several," laughed Mrs. Lambert, "but all selfishly. One is never an angel until one is a guardian angel. An impersonal angel is not recognized, I have found. If you should happen to run across a village blacksmith and can think of earthly things you might tell him there is work for him on the pike."

She sank back among the cushions of the auto with a sigh of sheer content and watched them run cross lots hand in hand, trampling the dandelions and buttercups. They were such precious children, and it was the first elopement she had ever shared! As for the judge? She leaned back her head and looked up at the blue sky through half closed eyes and smiled. The judge really did not matter in the least.

They had been neighbors for twenty years, the Nortons and Carewes, and it was at Mrs. Lambert's that the judge's only daughter had met and loved her nephew, Ralph. He was a good boy, and there was no reason why he should not woo and win Daisy. But the judge had thought differently, and Ruth Lambert, sitting alone in the sunshine and fragrance of the May time, wondered whether any old proving bitterness over his own defeat twenty years before had influenced the judge against Ralph's suit.

It had been the same story. Jack Norton had wooed her against her father's wishes. He was a student then, with only his name and grit to win his way, and she had—not known how much she cared until he had gone out of her life. If he had been brave and dared all like Ralph—

She sighed—and roused herself from the day dream. Down the road a light cloud of dust appeared, and Mrs. Lambert sat erect when she saw it. Before she could more than settle herself back comfortably among the cushions the other auto was abreast of her, and she heard the judge give a sharp order to the chauffeur to halt. He was frowning and warm as he bent toward her and raised his cap.

"How do you do, Mrs. Lambert?"

"Very well, thank you." Mrs. Lambert smiled at him graciously.

"You have had an accident?"

"Just a slight one, I believe. I have sent for help."

"Ah!" The judge's tone was all comprehensive. "Carter, get down and see what's the trouble."

The chauffeur obeyed.

"Water run out, sir," he said briefly. "Got a little strain also. Some one running it who wasn't experienced."

"I shouldn't wonder," said the judge grimly. "Go hunt some water somewhere."

When the man was out of hearing he turned to Mrs. Lambert, and there was war in his glance.

"Perhaps you will kindly tell me where my daughter is, Mrs. Lambert?"

Mrs. Lambert pointed one dainty, gloved hand in the direction of the white spire.

"Right over there, judge," she said sweetly. "And Ralph is with her. They have gone to be married."

There was a dead silence except for the clear, sweet song of a bluebird hidden somewhere among the blossoms. Mrs. Lambert stole a look at the judge. He was staring down the narrow vista of the pike. There was the same clear cut, purposeful profile and thick, wavy hair that had belonged to Jack Norton. The years had only added silver to the hair and strength to the profile. He turned his head, and their eyes met. Some electric spark of thought affinity, long dead, seemed to flash to life. The color slowly rose in Mrs. Lambert's cheek. The judge's voice was almost gentle when he spoke at last.

"Is it quite fair to me? She is all I have, Ruth."

"But she loves him so," Mrs. Lambert leaned forward eagerly, with tender, pleading eyes. "Ralph is a good boy. You don't know how they love each other."

The judge's mouth relaxed. Mrs. Lambert was a charming counsel for the defense.

"You aided and abetted them, Ruth."

"All the time," confessed Mrs. Lambert happily. Her voice was lower as she added hesitatingly, "It did not seem right that they should suffer through any animosity which you bear to me."

The judge was already standing in the road beside her, and in his eyes was the earnestness that had been in Jack Norton's.

"I know what you mean," he said. "But it is not that. There is no bitterness, Ruth; only"—he paused and took courage from the bluebird—"only regret for me. Daisy is a child"—

"She is eighteen," said Mrs. Lambert.

"And I thought the boy a trifle overbold and precipitate."

"It is a good quality."

The judge looked up with a sudden thought.

"Perhaps if I had possessed a little of those qualities years ago I might have met with his success."

She smiled down at him through eyes that sparkled with tears.

"Perhaps you might have, Jack."

A figure appeared on the hillside. It was the chauffeur with water. The judge laid his hand firmly over the one in the tan glove that was nearest to him.

"Am I too late, Ruth?" he said gently. "May we not seek the white spire yet?"

When Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Carewe came cross lots they found the chauffeur alone.

"Where is papa?" asked Daisy. And there was no fear in her voice, only joy and pride and new fledged dignity.

"Mrs. Lambert and he have gone on down the pike together," said the chauffeur. "They left word to you to take this auto and go where you pleased, but not to follow them."

The bridal pair looked in each other's eyes and smiled.

"Let's go home," said Daisy.

And when the judge and his wife came by an hour later only the crushed flowers and scattered dust bore witness to what had been; but among the blossoms somewhere the bluebird was still singing to its brooding mate.

How We Locate a Sound.

The detection of the direction of a sound by the sense of hearing is, like the rapid focusing of the eye on objects at different distances, one of those instinctive operations which are continually done without any conscious method.

Sound waves traverse the air as ripples stir the water, and the ear, by experience, acquires some slight power of detecting the direction in one case, as the eye does with far greater accuracy in the other. Usually we unconsciously receive assistance from other senses as well. Often we fail to locate at once some hidden source of sound, such as a singing bird, and then our instinctive ingenuity displays itself.

The intensity of sound is, of course, by no means so great behind a screen as in front of it, and every one carries with him the screen of his own head, which may prevent a particular sound from being heard so well by one ear as by the other. If, then, the head is turned until this inequality disappears, and both ears hear equally well, we know that we must be directly facing or turned from the source of sound, and our previous rough idea of its whereabouts generally prompts us to face it.

When Linen Is Translucent.

The whiteness and opacity of dry linen, as of writing paper, are due mainly to the fact of repeated reflexions at the surface, so that the light is wasted in these reverberations before it can reach to any depth.

The body of linen is a network of transparent fibers not in optical contact, which intercept the light by repeatedly reflexing it. Now, if the interstices of these fibers are filled by a body of the same refractive index as the fibers themselves, the reflexion of the surface is destroyed and the linen is rendered more transparent. Water does this; hence linen when wet is darker, but more translucent, just as is the oiled paper used for tracings by architects and engineers.

The same holds good with ordinary glass and ground glass, the repeated reflexions of the latter making it far less transparent. To a similar cause are due the whiteness and opacity of snow, of salt and of pulverized glass.

The Logical Waitress.

At a London restaurant the other day a middle aged woman entered the place and, taking a seat at one of the tables, carefully scrutinized the bill of fare. She concluded to try some ice cream pudding. After it had been served she looked it over carefully and, calling the waitress back, said:

"Do you call this ice cream pudding?"

"Yessum, and it's very nice too."

"But where is the ice cream?"

"Oh, that's only the name given that peculiar make of pudding. We are making a specialty of it. I'm sure you'll like it when you taste it."

"It seems to me that you ought to give ice cream with it as long as you say it is ice cream pudding."

"We don't give cottages with cottage pudding," quickly replied the witty waitress. This retort convinced the middle aged woman, and she ordered a second plate.—London Telegraph.

THE CODE IN ANCIENT TIMES

Famous Duel in the Days of Good Queen Anne.

In the reign of good Queen Anne duels were no less frequent than in the rowdy, riotous days of Charles II. Lord Mohun, a dissolute, remorseless nobleman, was the terror of honest London citizens at this time, and many were the infamous escapades in which he played chief character. He was guilty of one act which bears no other name than that of murder—the killing of poor Mountford, the actor, in cold blood because he endeavored to protect the honor of Mrs. Bracegirdle, the famous and beautiful actress. It was Lord Mohun who fought and killed the Duke of Hamilton, an affair which all will remember, who have read Thackeray's great novel, "Esmond."

The duel was fought with swords in Hyde park, the challenge having been sent by Mohun to the duke, who had, with perfect accuracy, stated that one of Mohun's creatures "had neither truth nor justice in him." The Duke of Hamilton received a wound in the right side of the leg about seven inches long, another in the right arm, a third in the upper part of the breast, running downward toward the body; a fourth on the outside of the left leg.

Lord Mohun himself was mortally wounded, receiving a large wound in the groin, another in the right side through the body, in which the sword plunged right up to the hilt, and a third in his arm. There is no doubt he rightly deserved his death, because, departing from the rules of fence among men of honor, he shortened his sword, thrust under his opponent's guard and stabbed the duke in the manner of a common assassin.

PHILIPPINE VOLCANOES.

Mayon Is the Most Famous, and the Taal Comes Next.

The most famous Philippine volcano and one of the finest volcano cones in the world is that of Mayon. Its height is 8,970 feet, and the volcano is visible at a great distance. Since 1766 records have been kept of its eruptions. In that year many plantations and villages were buried under a stream of lava which flowed down its eastern slope. About 1,200 lives were lost in the eruption of 1814, which buried the country around a part of the base of Mayon under the outpourings of lava and dust. A similar calamity in 1825 destroyed the lives of about 1,500 persons. In the nineteenth century there were a number of severe eruptions, including one in 1886-87 which continued about nine months. An eruption in 1897 killed 350 persons and destroyed much property. Twenty-two violent eruptions of this volcano are on record.

Next to Mayon the Taal volcano is the most remarkable. It is on an island in the lake of Bombon, and the island, built up by its outpourings, has an area of 220 square miles. The volcano is incessantly ejecting dust and vapor from its crater. Taal, as well as Mayon, has been the center of numerous destructive earthquakes, but no very great eruption has occurred since 1804, when four villages around the mountain were completely destroyed.—Bulletin of American Geographical Society.

The Earliest Surgeons.

Surgery is said to be older than medicine, and probably, in its simplest offices, it is as old as human need for it. Skulls of the neolithic period give evidence that the operation of trepanning was then practiced.

The Hindoo surgeon Susruta, who lived several centuries before Christ, had more than a hundred different sorts of surgical instruments, and there is abundant proof that his countrymen were skilled in amputation, lithotomy and operations for hernia, fistula and even for restoring lost ears and noses.

Hippocrates, who lived 400 B. C., was a skillful surgeon, and discoveries by Ebers and others in Egypt prove that the ancient Egyptians practiced surgery, with suitable instruments, nearly 6,000 years ago.

Among the six hermetic books of medicine mentioned by Clement of Alexandria was one devoted to surgical instruments. The Greeks are thought to have learned the Hindoo methods, and the Romans were skilled in surgery.

How Hens Roost.

The mechanism of the leg and foot of a chicken or other bird that roosts on a limb is a marvel of design. It often seems strange that a bird will sit on a roost and sleep all night without falling off, but the explanation is perfectly simple. The tendon of the leg of a bird that roosts is so arranged that when the leg is bent at the knee the claws are bound to contract and thus hold with a sort of death-grip the limb round which they are placed. Put a chicken's feet on your wrist and then make the bird sit down and you will have a practical illustration on your skin that you will remember for some time. By this singular arrangement, seen only in such birds as roost, they will rest comfortably and never think of holding on, for it is impossible for them to let go till they stand up.

Home of the Chinchilla.

The chinchilla, the little animal the size of a squirrel, is met with only in the Andes of Bolivia, Ecuador, Peru and northern Chile and is never found under a height of 9,000 or 10,000 feet. The Indians are eager trappers and hunters of it for its fine fur. The skins are well seasoned with salt and made up into small packages for dispatch to the towns, whence they are shipped abroad.

Of the world's hay crop the United States grows 28,600,000 pounds. This is about half as much as Germany and two-thirds as much as England.

A REAL FALSE FACE

By ALEC BRUCE

...Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure...

"Gustave Vernon; Theatrical Supplies and Fancy Costume Maker." Above the door in big gilt letters that is monsieur's sign, and but for it any one passing along the dingy alley would wonder why the enterprising agent had not invaded with his monotonous "For Rent." Against the paint blistered door and windows a cheap green cheese cloth, crumpled and faded, screens off the broad interior. To street view there is nothing on display, nothing save the intricate weavings of the spider and the inevitable remains of his unwary victim.

Inside, however, all is different. The store is large, low in the ceiling and when without artificial light very dark, for the alley is narrow, and the buildings on the opposite side are high. But if it is dark monsieur is saying in his light bill, and there is a luster, a mysterious sheen, pervading the entire room. On varicolored pedestals rising in tiers on every side from floor to ceiling stand hundreds of glittering figures. Some are wax, some wooden, some papier mache, warriors in burnished coats of mail, kings and knights in purple and gold, queens and ladies in silver and silks, crowns and coronets, spears and shields, serpents and dragons—everything in the world of tinsel and spangles. And here and there, cunningly shaded beneath powerful reflectors, a few ruby electric bulbs do duty for a fifty light chandelier, and the effect is mellow, pleasing, not dazzling, as monsieur would like it to be.

In the false face corner, the darkest in the store, sits a girl, a mere silhouette against the yawning archway leading to the gallery above. She is a small, trim figure in a dark blue skirt and white shirt waist. Her face is small and pale, set in a wealth of jet black hair twisted smooth and high, with a glittering butterfly aigret fluttering in it, and she is painting, painting whiskers on bluff King Hal. On the table before her she has all the colors and implements in the professional artist's box, and she paints with the Japanese deftness of touch—one, two, three, a curl, a curve, a dash, and the thing is done.

Above her dainty head hangs a heterogeneous stock of faces, life size and wonderfully lifelike—Richard the Lion Hearted scowling at Robespierre, Svengali sneering at the pope, a smiling Gibson girl ogling the sulky Napoleon, and far down, down on the floor, sits his majesty on ashes of cinnamon sin.

In the store all is quiet, not the ticking of a clock, not the purring of a satisfied cat, not even a street urchin whistling in the alley outside, just an occasional little sniff from mamselle's sensitive nose.

Suddenly a door opens out from the wall above. Unless you saw it open you wouldn't believe it was a door. It has been very carefully cut in the partition, and the partition is stained a dull olive green. There are many such cunning little stage traps in Gustave's, and it was Gustave himself who popped out his crisp, curly head.

"Junie," he whispered, looking anxiously down at the trim little figure below.

"Ah, mon pere," she breathed, smiling up into his face, "surely you are early, mine. M. Nugent, he will not come until 4; and I give heem one hour. M. Hammond, he will come at 5, and"—

"But oh, is 4 now, Junie, past 4, my child," said Gustave softly.

"Hush! Footsteps! Ma foi, mon pere, he comes! In, in, monsieur!"

Click! The partition door closed tight. Svengali and the pope swung outward to the length of their strings and still moved when Mr. Nugent came up to the little table.

"Junie," he began, very tenderly.

"Oh, M. Nugent," she responded, with a swift upward glance, and went on retouching the royal Bluebeard.

For a moment he gazed dreamily on the smooth, black hair coils, bent a trifle lower than need be. Was it the ruby light? No! At least so he promptly decided when he caught sight of the widening tinge of pink on her rounded cheek.

"Junie," he repeated earnestly.

"Monsieur," she whispered, warningly and with a roguish twinkle in her eye, "you see I am very busy. Mon pere is behind. But if eet is anyzing you want to buy zen of course I am here to attend."

"Junie," he murmured, and his voice trilled and trembled, "you know that what I want is priceless. I cannot buy it. No man can ever buy it. Junie, I want love, your love, my Junie," and, throwing discretion to the winds, he calne perilously near the table.

She laid King Henry aside and disposed of the paint brush where it could do no harm.

"Hush, hush, monsieur," she cautioned, and her eyes traveled swiftly over the gallery of masks. Why that faint, flickering smile? Was it a smile? Involuntarily, but only for an instant, his gaze followed hers. Yes, it was a smile, and it spelled encouragement for him. With a confidence born of the dark and solitary corner, he seized her small white hand and looked hungrily into her eyes. Indignant, she tried to jerk it away, but he only clasped it tighter, drawing nearer, nearer, till she felt the warmth of his breath on her face.

"I love you, I love you!" he cried passionately. "No, no, do not shrink from me, Junie. You used not to shrink from me." He made to kiss her, but she turned her head away. "Junie," he pleaded, "you kissed me last night. Why—ah! perhaps you do not believe me, but I have money, dearest. It will be yours—yours and—and mine, Junie. And we will go away, far away"— He stopped suddenly when she hung her head and allowed her hand to rest quietly in his.

"And we will be married, monsieur?" she whispered.

For a moment he did not answer. A dark flush stained his cheeks, spread quickly to his neck and ears as she brought her sparkling orbs to his.

"Ye-es, Junie."

"And tonight you will ask mon pere, monsieur?"

"Junie!" His quick tones held surprise and pique. "Surely, that is—is needless. T-this is a secret, dearest, I"—

"Ahem!"

It was a very loud cough, and it came from the gallery of masks.

"Your father," whispered Nugent, dropping her hand and staggering a little on the polished floor. "I—I will see you again tonight—tomorrow, Junie!" And in a flash he was gone.

But the door had scarcely closed and Junie had just time to snatch up her work and begin where she left off when Dick Hammond, with heavy step and a hearty voice, announced his welcome presence.

"Mamselle Vernong," he said, playfully enunciating her name, "you said monsieur might ... tonight, and he is here. Where ... mong pere? I want to see him. Tonight? Yes; tonight I want his Junie. When he says 'Oui' we will hunt a priest, my dear. The—, see!" And joyfully he flourished a pale yellow slip before the girl's dancing eyes.

"Ahem!"

Hammond started, straightening up to his full height, which was 6 feet 2 in his stocking soles. For a moment he stood alert. Then, stepping back a few paces, he stared fixedly at a face protruding from the wall above.

"By jiminy, Junie," he gasped, "if that ain't the cutest fiz I ever saw I'll swallow my collar stud! Jes' look at 'im. See 'im wink. See 'im grin. Jiminy, Junie, how much for the skit?"

"Dick, Dick!"

Mamselle was in his arms and shaking with laughter. The grin on the face was spreading perceptibly, and the tense features twitched and quivered convulsively.

"How much?" persisted Hammond.

"Monsieur, monsieur, eet is not for sale. Non, non! Eet is a real false face!" gulped the muffled voice against his breast. "See, now, eet is gone! Eet is gone! Eet was mon pere—mon pere Gustave Vernon," she cried breathlessly, peering round and up as far as his imprisoning arms would allow.

And Dick Hammond laughed loud and long. Then, seated on his knee, mamselle told him the why and the wherefore of it all. Mon pere had fancied Nugent because he had wealth, and theatrical supplies were not booming just then. But Junie would have none of him. "And why? He is one scoundrel, Dicky," she explained. True! Mon pere did not believe it so. So she had devised a plan. She had to do something, and the plan was the real false face.

But now mon pere is satisfied. He only smiled and said, "Out; ah, out!" when Hammond asked, "May I have her, Gustave?"

Houses in Fez.

In Fez, the capital of Morocco, most of the houses consist of several stories, each being provided with a light veranda running round it and connecting the rooms. All the windows and doors open out into the patio, or courtyard, the window openings in the upper stories being covered with close trellis work. All the houses have flat roofs with a wall some four to six feet high running around, and from 4 p. m. until sunset the roofs are given over to the ladies exclusively, who can then walk about and take the fresh air without being seen by any of the opposite sex. This reservation is a law which is never broken, and no man would be guilty of being seen on his or on any other roof during the forbidden hours. Owing to the fact that the women of the house are not allowed to be seen by any other man than their lord and master all domestic offices are situated away from the house proper. In many of the larger houses, besides the water fountains, others playing scent or scented water are to be found. Sections of the courtyard also are slightly sunk, and these portions are filled with scented oil, which is used to perfume the rooms. The Moors are exceptionally particular in discarding their foot gear before entering a room or crossing a rug or carpet. They even change slippers before entering the courtyard from the street. Thus the houses are kept beautifully clean and sweet and are not, as many people would suppose, musty or close.

His Distinguished Uncle.

A young lady, the beautiful daughter of a western congressman, was introduced on her arrival in Washington to a dapper young government official, a relative of the late Thomas F. Bayard. During their talk about the Delaware statesman she pronounced his name as it is spelled, giving the first "a" its long sound. The young man felt it his duty to correct her, saying that the name was pronounced "Byurd." A few days later he sent her a note asking for the privilege of entertaining her and some friends who were visiting her from the west by taking them to dinner at his club. In the reply that she wrote she said she would have been pleased to accept his invitation only the messenger that he had "hayard" seemed very "tayard" and had dallied upon the way, so that she had entered into another engagement before the note reached her. However, if he "desayard" her company at some future time she would be "al-fayard" glad to hear from him again.—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE CUSTOMS OF NORWAY.

Sunday Begins Saturday Night and Is a Time For Pleasure.

One marked characteristic of the people of Norway is their intense and artistic love of flowers. They never heap them in indiscriminate masses, but the poorest peasant woman will gather a few of the wild blossoms which grow at her door and arrange them in a glass at her window with an exquisite taste and feeling which are good to see. The custom obtains with high and low, and flowers are as necessary to a Norwegian dinner table as the food.

The religion of the country is Lutheran, but Sunday is not observed with Puritan strictness, for the settlements are small and far apart, so that the hard worked pastor must travel miles from one to another, and even in summer service is only held once in three weeks.

Sunday begins on Saturday night, so that Sunday evening is a time for pleasure, and wherever a squeaky musical instrument can be found the peasants will dance together in the street. The men dance together as well as with the women, grasping each other's shoulders and whirling round and round like dizzy human tops.

A wedding is a festivity for the people for miles around. It is celebrated at the nearest village church, and the guests row in enormously long boats across the fiord, wearing gay colored dresses. The bride and bridegroom bring to the ceremony the silver spoons which were presented to them when they were christened. These are then linked together by a silver chain and are hung up in the new home, to be an heirloom for coming generations.

OZONE FOR SKYSCRAPERS.

How Fresh Air Is Supplied In the Modern Tall Buildings.

Hundreds of men and women are boxed up all day long in little cages on every floor of the modern office building. Yet this mass of huddled humanity never suffers from any lack of fresh air. The ventilation is perfect, a fact which often surprises foreign architects.

The delivery of fresh air into a skyscraper is as big a business as the delivery of water or electricity. It is not left to chance. Cold, fresh air is forced into the building by a blowing engine and passes through large ducts and controlling registers to the different rooms. In winter this air is heated by passing through coils of steam pipes.

Often the blower is arranged to deliver both hot and cold air, and the ducts are provided with mixing valves which can be set to combine the two blasts in any required proportion. Thus one can have fresh air of exactly the temperature called for by the weather.

Bad air is got rid of by wall registers near the floor through which the vitiated air escapes into ducts which lead to a large common outlet above the roof. These ducts may be of sheet iron or they may be of tile built in the wall like chimney flues. Sometimes they are large spaces inclosed in the upper parts of the corridors by false ceilings.

In other cases the bad air is taken to the basement and discharged by an exhaust fan into a tall outside shaft used for that purpose only.—New York Press.

Hard to Find.

The bishop of—never mind where—being a newcomer and being somewhat troubled with a neglected diocese, thought to inspire his clergy to take occasional services during the week by periodically visiting and taking one himself. On one of these occasions, having found quite a good congregation and having been moved to much eloquence in his sermon, he felt a not unnatural desire to know if he had made any impression on the usually unimpressionable yokels. So he put some leading questions to an old clerk who was helping him to unrobe in the vestry.

"Well, I hope they've been pleased with yer," said the old man patronizingly, "and I am sure we takes it very kind o' yer worship to come down and preach to us; but, yer know, a wosser one would have done for the likes of us, if so be," he added, with becoming humility, "one could be found."—London Tit-Bits.

Quaint Remedies.

Among members of the Greek church in Macedonia the following recipes are regarded as highly useful: To pacify one's enemies write the psalm "Known in Judea," dissolve it in water and give your enemy to drink thereof, and he will be pacified. For a startled and frightened man take three dry chestnuts and sow thistle and three glasses of old wine and let him drink thereof early and late. Write also "In the beginning was the word" and let him carry it.

First Aid.

"Now," said the professor, "suppose you had been called to see a patient with hysterics—some one, for instance, who had started laughing and found it impossible to stop—what is the first thing you would do?"

"Amputate his funny bone," promptly replied the new student.—Houston Post.

The Great Drawback.

"Well, the statements they make against you aren't true," said the politician's wife. "Why don't you deny them?"

"I'm afraid it will incite them to dig up some other libelous statements that are true."—Philadelphia Ledger.

If people talked only when they had something to say the silence would be too dense to stir with a stick.—Galveston News.

Subscribe for
The MINER
and get all
the news

The Miner and Tribune Farmer
$1.50 per year in advance. Subscribe now.

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer.

City Shaving Parlors,
ELWOOD GASKIN, Prop.
Shaving and Hair Dressing
—In the latest style of Art.—
None but first-class workmen employed.
Shining Chair.

GENTRY, GAMBLER

By .....

LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

"Paws," said Dugan laconically, laying down his cards.

"That puts me out," remarked the lean Yankee from the Cross Triangle outfit. The third man, Davies, as he called himself, rapped the table with his knuckles indifferently. He was ahead of the game and could afford to lose the pot.

There remained old man Lorry. To him Gentry looked with surprising insouciance. Having dealt the cards, the gambler was disturbed by no doubts as to Lorry's action. He would raise and promptly. Lorry had cut before the deal, it is true, but Gentry had reversed the cut adroitly, unobtrusively.

Nevertheless, to the gambler's surprise, Lorry was uncommonly slow. He vacillated mentally between caution and cupidity; his weak, red rimmed eyes shone feverishly behind the iron bound glasses, and he chewed nervously upon one end of his ragged, tobacco stained mustache. Finally he slammed his hand upon the table. Gentry arched his brows inquiringly.

"One?" he asked, motioning toward the discard.

Old man Lorry swore abandonedly. "Naw!" he replied. "See yer twenty an' go yer a hundred better!"

From the interior of his shirt he produced a roll of bills which the gambler appraised with amazement. He had not thought to find such rich prey. Lorry, conscious that he was creating a sensation, threw two bills upon the table with an air.

"Steddy, pop," cautioned Healy, proprietor of the saloon.

"Mind yer own business," responded old man Lorry sharply.

"And five hundred better," Gentry remarked softly.

"An' five hundred."

"Again."

Lorry glanced uneasily about the table. Healy had turned his back. As for the rest, startled out of their composure by this abrupt change in the complexion of the game, they watched breathlessly.

"Call yer!" exclaimed the old man, depositing the remainder of his fortune in the pot.

"Aces up an' queens," he added, with an oath, as Gentry displayed his cards. "Better 'n my kings up an' jacks"—He broke off, staring blankly at the gambler as he calmly raked in his spoils and passed the cards to Dugan. The latter shook his head, with an air of finality.

"Nope," he said. "No more for me."

"None in mine," agreed the lean Yankee briefly, and Davies nodded assent to the judgment of the others.

Lorry shambled dispiritedly toward the bar. "Gimme some ski, Billy," he demanded.

Gentry arose and placed a fifty in the bartender's hands. "You can pay for the drinks out of that. I'm going to take a little walk to cool off. See you later, gentlemen." He paused on the threshold, but none answered him, and he passed on out into the infinite silent peace of the mountain night.

He walked a few steps along the apology for a road which formed the main street of the half deserted mining village, then halted suddenly.

"Old fool," he muttered impatiently, comforting himself against the thought of the wrong he had done old man Lorry. "He should have known better. Well, what's his loss is my gain. If I hadn't got it some other fellow would."

Gentry lighted a cigar, stuck his hands in his trousers pockets jauntily and retraced his steps toward Healy's. But he did not stop there. Through its open windows fragments of an argument floated to his ears, punctuated with old man Lorry's voice, bleating that he had been shorn. That was quite true, but the gambler did not wish to discuss the question with him since of necessity it would mean eventual bloodshed. He stepped quickly past the fan of light which the doorway threw across the road and began an ascent of the mountain trail. He would return ere long, when things were quieted, saddle his horse and ride on to the next camp.

The night air was warm and soothing with the balm of the pine scent. The gambler strolled beneath a high, broad arched, brilliant sky, fretted with bright stars. But from these he kept his face. His thoughts were too near to the earth for contemplation of the firmament. As he left the straggling village behind him he entered upon a great sweet solitude whose essence was in the mystery of night upon the mountains. The road wound temptingly on, a forest aisle empty, dusty, now white in the glare of the heavens, now blackly shadowed by massed pines, through whose interstices the starlight fell.

Presently the gambler came upon a little clearing in which, set at a distance back from the road and surrounded by a dilapidated picket fence, was a small cabin, vine clad. Its windows shone dimly with yellow lamplight, this although the hour was past midnight. As he stopped, puffing speculatively upon his cigar, a voice hailed him—a feminine voice, singularly rich in intonation and clear—and at that he made out a slender figure swaying upon the gate of the fence. He tossed away his smoke, removed his sloueh hat and approached.

"Good evening," he said courteously. "Howdy, stranger. Be you from Hammels, down yonder?"

Gentry failed to repress a start. The uncouthness of the words, the strong touch of dialect, was so distinctly out of keeping with what the beauty of the girl's voice had led him to expect. And now that he could see her, there was positive refinement of feature in the face, wholly charming, upturned to him.

"Yes," he answered her.

The girl regarded him with unconcealed curiosity. "An' what might be yer name, stranger?"

"Mason," he lied without wondering why he should lie lacking a reason.

"Oh," she sighed, with evident relief. "I didn't know—from yer style, yer know—but what yer might be Gentry."

"Who's Gentry?"

"Aw—a gambler what I heerd had come to town. Pappy went down early tonight to get in the game with him. Say, Mr. Mason, did yer see my pappy down there?"

"I don't know, really. Who"—

"Lorry," she interrupted. "Ole man Lorry they calls him, mostly. Did yer see him around?"

"Come to think of it, I did." He smiled blandly upon her to conceal a rising uneasiness.

"Was he drunk?" she continued frankly.

"N-no? I didn't notice that he was."

"He wasn't gamblin' with that hound Gentry, was he?"

"No," said the bound heartily. "Gentry left town today, I hear."

"That's good!" She smiled at the gambler, shading her beautiful eyes with a deep fringe of upcurled lashes. "He'll only come home drunk, then," she added pensively. "I don't mind that. Never had to manage a man, did yer, stranger?"

"Only myself," he laughed.

"Then yer don't know nothin' about it—the trouble, I mean. Pappy's an ole fool. He don't know no more about playin' poker 'n a tenderfoot, an' he thinks he knows it all. He—he"— She hesitated.

"Well?" he encouraged her.

"Aw—nothin', only he made a strike a little while ago. It warn't much of a strike, only a couple of thousand, an' he promised to send me back east—to the home folks, you know—next week."

"And?" said Gentry softly.

"That was the money he took to gamble with," she laughed a trifle harshly. "Said he'd send me back in style—with his winnin's. Well, so long's Gentry ain't there I reckon I may get a chance to get some book learnin', after all. If I can keep him home till next week. Goin' already, stranger?"

"Yes; I must visit the trail early tomorrow, Miss Lorry."

"Want, so long. If yer see the ole man start him along home, will yer? Thanks, an' good night to yer, Mr. Mason."

* * * * * * *

Some distance down the trail the gambler stumbled over the prostrate form of a man. With something of a strong presentiment Gentry turned the body over and lit a match to see the face.

It was old man Lorry, hopelessly intoxicated, sleeping the dead sleep of alcohol.

"There's most of my fifty," remarked the gambler grimly. "It's like throwing good money after bad. I'm a darned fool."

To prove his assertion he took from his wallet the bills of which he had robbed the miner and stuffed them in the latter's pockets. Then he helped him to his feet, meaning to see him home. To his wonder Gentry found that the man, once afoot, was able to walk after a fashion. He lurched along unsteadily, but made progress toward his cabin.

The gambler followed him to the clearing, stepping noiselessly, then turned and went back for his horse and his last glimpse of Healy's.

Bright Benny.

"What a fine boy Benny is getting to be!" remarked Mr. Bloobumper's mother-in-law, who was taking dinner with Bloobumper.

"Yes, indeed," replied Bloobumper proudly. "He's a regular logician too. He'll ask questions and deduct conclusions in a masterly manner. He's inherited his father's brain power," added Bloobumper modestly.

A few moments later the conversation turned upon Mormonism, and Benny, in his search for knowledge, asked, "Papa, what is a Mormon?"

"A Mormon, Benny, is a man who marries more than one wife."

"Then you are a Mormon, ain't you, papa?" asked Benny, anxious to display the deductive powers which his father had commended.

"I a Mormon, Benny! Why, how in the world did you get such an idea in your head as that?"

"Why, I heard you tell Mr. Spratts yesterday that you had married all your wife's family."

"Mrs. Bloobumper," said that gentleman, turning to his wife, "I think Benny had better be sent to bed. He's been up quite late enough."

Revenged.

He was asking the old man for his daughter in marriage. He was talking tremblingly, hesitatingly, as you read in story books. Now came the old man's turn to speak, and as he began his face was white with passion and his voice shook with excitement.

"You want to marry my daughter?" he said. "Ah! Twenty years ago your father crippled me in a business deal and I swore to be revenged, and now my time has come."

He paused for breath, and the aspirant for the maiden's hand was about to beat a hasty retreat in the face of supposed defeat, when the father broke forth again:

"Yes, sir; I swore to be revenged, and I'll now strike the father through the son. Want my daughter, eh? Well, take her, and may she prove as expensive to you as she has to me."

The old man dropped into his chair, worn out with the excitement of his plot, and the young man fainted.

Opening "Bucking" Safes.

Every big concern dealing in strong boxes employs a professional safe breaker against those frequent and often costly occasions when the safe sold to some consumer "get out of whack," says a New York paper. The work of opening a bucking safe is usually a matter of minutes with the professional, but occasionally he is obliged to send for a half ton of tools before he is enabled to procure the magic sesame. Often a half hundred clerks are kept idle for hours and business managers spin around like tops while the safe breaker leisurely pothers about with the combination. When the safe or vault is finally opened it is usually discovered that some one connected with the firm is to blame for altering the combination and then keeping the matter to himself. The professional safe opener frequently has calls from out of town, and on these occasions he usually finds that some merchant who has just bought his first safe changed the combination and then forgot it.

Cold and the Universe.

Heat can exist only where there is an atmosphere, and then it must be constantly supplied with fuel to overcome the law of constant repulsion and diffusion. Cold is the absence of heat and exists everywhere. It overcomes disintegration and preserves the universe. It enforces the universal law of the electric attraction and cohesion of atoms and worlds.

Cold must predominate to preserve the universe. There is a billion times a billion more cold in the universe than heat. There always has been and there always will be. The heat of the sun compared with the cold that surrounds it is as a mustard seed to Jupiter. The earth's heat in comparison to the cold that surrounds it is as an orange to the solar system.

Then what folly to talk of the universe having begun in white heat and the earth having been a molten world and the sun's great burning spheres!—Booklover's Magazine.

At the Theater.

One of the most annoying things in the world is to go to the theater and sit back of some who has been to see the play and insists upon telling his companion all about the performance and what's coming next. The other night at one of the local playhouses a man was greatly annoyed by the occupant of the seat in front of him talking in a loud voice about what was going to happen on the stage. Finally, when the talk became incessant, he exclaimed:

"What an infernal nuisance!"

The man in front turned around and said in a threatening voice:

"Do you refer to me, sir?"

"No, indeed," replied the man in the row behind. "I was simply saying what I thought of the actors. They are making so much noise that I can't hear one-half of your interesting and valuable conversation."—Philadelphia Press.

A Thrilling Novel.

"Lizette" said Mrs. Goldrich to her maid, "I wish you would run up to my room, get the novel on my writing desk, cut the pages, take it back to Miss Booklides, present my compliments and thanks and tell her the story aroused my most profound interest."

Books.

There are many books in the world and few years in which to read them; why should I spend even an hour in reading one that gives me less pleasure and does me less good when I can be reading one from which I get more pleasure and profit?—Anon.

Get Into Line

And follow the crowd to our store where you will find a complete assortment of shoes.

Shoes for Men,

Shoes for Ladies

Shoes for Children.

We have shoes for everybody and we guarantee to please in style and price. New goods are arriving daily. Call and look over our stock.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Fall and Winter Styles

in Millinery are pretty and the best at reasonable prices are to be found at our store.

PATTERN HATS and DOMESTICS

In fact everything to please the ladies is shown. Give us a call.

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co's,

REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair.
Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color.
Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.
50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

Prepares for better opportunities for capable, ambitious, energetic young people than any other department of human activity. The Rochester Business Institute has a national reputation for thorough work, and its graduates are in constant demand. Many times during the last year the managers were compelled to say to applicants for young men and women to fill genteel, remunerative positions: "Nobody to send—the supply is exhausted." Catalogue free. Rochester, N. Y.

God Save the Commonwealth.

ELECTION PROCLAMATION.

PURSUANT TO AN ACT OF GENERAL Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An act to regulate the nomination and election of public officers, requiring certain expenses incident thereto to be paid by the several counties, and punishing certain offenses in regard to such elections," approved the 10th day of June, A. D. 1893, I, Chas. E. Mays, High Sheriff of the county of McKean, do hereby make known and proclaim to the qualified electors of McKean county, that a general election will be held in the said county of McKean on TUESDAY, the 3rd day of November, A. D. 1903, (being the Tuesday next following the first Monday of said month) for the purpose of electing the following officers, viz.:

One person for State Treasurer.

One person for Auditor General.

Two persons for Judges of the Superior Court.

One person for Judge of the Court of Common Pleas.

Two persons for Jury Commissioners.

I also make known and give notice that the following is a correct list of the nominations for the respective offices above recited, namely:

REPUBLICAN.

For State Treasurer—William L. Mathues.

For Auditor General—William P. Snyder.

For Judge of the Superior Court—Thomas A. Morrison.

For Judge of the Superior Court—John J. Henderson.

For Judge of the Court of Common Pleas—Joseph W. Bouton.

For Jury Commissioner—Leon Curtis.

DEMOCRATIC.

For State Treasurer—Joel G. Hill.

For Auditor General—Arthur G. Dewalt.

For Judge of the Superior Court—John A. Ward.

For Judge of the Superior Court—Calvin Rayburn.

PROHIBITION.

For State Treasurer—Henry D. Patton.

For Auditor General—Elisha Kent Kane.

For Judge of the Superior Court—Matthew H. Stevenson.

For Judge of the Superior Court—Emmett D. Nichols.

For Judge of the Court of Common Pleas—John D. Gill.

For Jury Commissioner—S. M. Love.

SOCIALIST.

For State Treasurer—John A. Smith.

For Auditor General—Wm. W. Atkinson.

For Judge of the Superior Court—Alfred Leach.

For Judge of the Superior Court—Louis Gonzion.

For State Treasurer—William L. Mathues.

For Auditor General—William P. Snyder.

For Judge of the Superior Court—Thomas A. Morrison.

For Judge of the Superior Court—John J. Henderson.

INDEPENDENCE.

For State Treasurer—Joel G. Hill.

For Auditor General—Arthur G. Dewalt.

For Judge of the Superior Court—John A. Ward.

For Judge of the Superior Court—Calvin Rayburn.

LABOR

For State Treasurer—David E. Gilchrist.

For Auditor General—Wm. J. Eberle.

For Judge of the Superior Court—Wm. H. Thomas

For Judge of the Superior Court—John Burschell.

I also hereby make known and give notice that the place of holding the aforesaid general election in the several townships, boroughs and wards within the county of McKean, are as follows, to-wit:

BRADFORD CITY.

First ward, First district—At Armory Hall, Corydon street.

First ward—Second district—C. L. Lane's building, on Boylston street, near Pine.

Second Ward, First District—In the basement of the New Universalist Church, on the Southeast corner of South Avenue and Corydon Street, in the first precinct of the second Ward in the said City of Bradford.

Second ward, Second district—At Edgett's barn.

Third ward, First district—At the store-room No. 318 Washington street.

Third ward, Second district—At lot on south side of Washington street a little west of Center street, booth to be provided by County.

Fourth ward—Land of New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad Company.

Fifth ward—Robert's tank shop on Main street, near bridge.

Sixth ward—At vacant store room in the Henry Boyer building, 118 East Main street.

BRADFORD TOWNSHIP.

First district—At Jewett Hall, Custer City.

Second district—A point at or near the cross roads near Smith's chemical works, on lands of W. H. Emery, in a suitable building erected by the county commissioners.

The township of Ceres at the Ceres village school house.

CORYDON TOWNSHIP.

First district—The first floor of a new building owned by B. D. Tome, across the highway from said Tome's residence.

Second district—At a building near the school house, known as the Thomas Conover school house, in Warrant No. 5783, on road leading up Sugar Creek to Marshburg, near the residence of E. N. Holmes.

The borough of Eldred at Rose house, Edson street.

The township of Eldred at a new building on the Barden brook road.

FOSTER TOWNSHIP.

First district—The lower floor of the A. O. U. W. hall, at Derrick City, in said district.

Second district—In the A. P. Corwin building at Corwin Centre.

HAMLIN TOWNSHIP.

First district—The second story of the building now occupied by J. Goodman, on the south side of the Main street in the village of Hazelhurst, adjoining lands of James Randall.

Second district—At Lantz's store.

Third district—The room used as a reading room on the ground floor of the "Reading Room Building" in the village of Kushequa.

The borough of Mt. Jewett—The west room of the second floor of the city building on the west side of Railroad street in said borough.

HAMILTON TOWNSHIP.

First district—At the school house in Ludlow.

Second district—The ground floor of Maccabee hall, situate at Morrison.

KEATING TOWNSHIP.

First district—On first floor of a building owned by Miller C. Stickles, formerly occupied by J. H. Stull as a bottling house nearly opposite and northeast of the Western New York & Pennsylvania Railroad Company's station, in East Smethport, Pa.

Second district—At new building of J. C. Stull, at Farmers Valley.

Third district—In the village of Simpson, in said district, in the building known as the "Ancient Order United Workman's hall."

KANE BOROUGH.

First Ward—The new hose house in the alley in the rear of No. 311 Park Avenue, in said Boro of Kane.

Second ward—The City or Municipal Building, situate at the corner of Chase and Bayard streets.

Third ward—The lower floor or truck room of the Mountain Hose Company building on Biddle street in said third ward.

Fourth ward—The building of the Kane Hose Company, No. 3, in said ward.

LAFAYETTE TOWNSHIP.

First district—In the south room on the first floor of the Odd Fellows building at Mt. Alton, in said district.

Second district—At the village of Big Shanty, in the basement of the building known as the Maccabees' hall, in this district.

Third district—The building of Mrs. E. C. Tenny in the village of Lafayette on the north side of the highway 40 rods east of said Newton building.

The township of Liberty in a building near the grocery store of E. Dudley at a point on the Smethport road about 80 rods northwest from the bridge crossing the river from the borough of Port Allegany.

The borough of Port Allegany, second story of public building.

NORWICH TOWNSHIP.

First district—Norwich township hall.

Second district—At a building erected by the Commissioners at Garfield.

OTTO TOWNSHIP.

First district—In the building known as "Union Hall" in the village of Duke Centre in said district.

Second district—At A. O. U. W. Hall, Rixford.

The borough of Smethport in southeast corner of basement of Court House.

WETMORE TOWNSHIP.

First district—The old Lindermen building on the south side of the highway leading from Wilcox to Highland about 225 feet north from the present polling place.

Second district—In the building of Mrs. Albert Johnson, known as the John Scott building, situated about 75 rods east of the N. H. Orr building, where the said elections have heretofore been held, the said south building being on the West Kane road.

SERGEANT TOWNSHIP.

First District—The newly erected Town Hall situated at Clermont.

Second district—The building of Penn Chemical Company at Hutchins.

Polls to be open at 7 o'clock a. m. and to be closed at 7 o'clock p. m.

I also make known and give notice that every person, excepting justices of the peace, who shall hold any office or appointment of profit or trust—under the government of the United States or of this State or of any city or incorporated district, whether a commissioned officer or otherwise, a subordinate officer or agent, who is or shall be employed under the Legislature, Executive or Judiciary department of this State or of the United States or of any city or incorporated district, and also that every member of Congress and of the State Legislature and of the Select or Common Council of any city or Commissioners of any incorporated district is by law incapable of holding or exercising at the same time the office or appointment of Judge, Inspector or Clerk of any election of this Commonwealth, and that no Inspector, Judge or other officer of any such election shall be eligible to any office to be then voted for, except that of an election officer.

Given under my hand this 21st day of October, A. D. 1903.

CHAS. E. MAYS, Sheriff.

L. K. Hogarth

has a fine line of new perfumes.

Everything in

Rubber Goods,
Hot Water Bottles,
Ice Caps,
Syringes.

The new hygienic rubber complexion sponge never wears out, never gets musty. An elegant toilet article.

DRUGS,
MEDICINES,
STATIONERY

FASCINATING FLINCH—the new game. You can get it at Hogarth's.

Gold Fish.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

ACME MILL,

GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal,
Wheat, Corn
Oats, Hay,
Straw, Bran,
Middlings, Hominy,
Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.
Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh Salt or Smoked MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always headquarters.

J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

Just Received!

The Finest and most complet line of

Picture Mouldings

ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio.

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer
Smethport, Pa.

Leonard Koenig,

locafed near the cream ery, is prepared to do all kinds of

PAINTING AND DECORATING.

UPHOLSTERING

Always done neatly and promptly. Latest styles of coverings on hand.

Smethport, - Penna.

E. W. JONES,

(Successor to F. H. Nourse.

LIVERY & FEED STABLE

Bennett House Barn

First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.

Directly Opposite Court House.

SMETHPORT, PA.

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at this store you can always find

Just What You Want.

All line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Case, Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices. Harness—All the latest styles in single or double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

Elwood Gaskin's

NEWS STAND.

A complete stock of newspapers, periodicals and magazines always on hand.
Cigars, Tobacco, Confectionery.
We handle fruits and vegetables in season.

Bell 'Phone

Buy a

Sick and Accident Policy in the Standard Co.

FOR SALE BY

C. A. BURDICK.

Also Dealer in MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

UNDERTAKING AND EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

SPECHT & SASSE
SMETHPORT, PA.

Palmer & Vickery

LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.

FOR SALE,

Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.

Smethport - Penn.

March 4, 1903.